WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

"Pardon me
my mistake
—Don't mention it."

Beginning—THE CORBIN NECKLACE *by* HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Here's Variety

The great adventure of a change at breakfast ...fairy grains with the flavor of nutmeats

TO please the family and delight yourself, try varying your breakfast menu. Change for a while from the old "seven-and-six" dishes of which your palate is tiring.

Quaker Puffed Rice is that something different you want. Fairy grains of selected rice, puffed to eight times their normal size, food that entices and allures.

These grains are crisp and toasty, gay and wonderful. The flavor is like nutmeats, only richer. Children think they're confections; you know they're rich grain food.

Just for the joy of it, get a package today. Alternate them with the dishes you've served too often. See what breakfast smiles they'll bring. Also Puffed Wheat—ideal as a night-time, light supper enticement—the most delicious of all cereal breakfasts.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

SUPREMACY in POWER

Rated horsepower in a motor is only an index to its power possibilities. It is the power that is delivered to the rear wheels that makes the difference between motor cars. The Star Four and Six are designed for maximum power efficiency. Road tests prove that they have it, beyond any competing cars.

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CHASSIS	$650
TOURING	725
COUPE	820
COACH	880
SPORT DE LUXE ROADSTER	910
LANDAU SEDAN	975

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

COM. CHASSIS	$470
ROADSTER	540
TOURING	540
COUPSTER	610
COACH	695
SEDAN	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

SUPREMACY in QUALITY

Quality in a motor car is beneath the paint—it is built in—into the chassis and into the body, Star Car bodies, built by Hayes-Hunt, are universally recognized as the highest quality coachwork in the low-priced field. The Star chassis compares in every single unit with cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

SUPREMACY in VALUE

Power and Quality Supremacy of Star Cars would make supremacy in value even at much higher prices. Yet the Star line offers the world's lowest priced Six and the world's most economical Four. Any Star Car dealer will gladly demonstrate the Power, Quality, and Value Supremacy of the Star Four or Six.

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NEW STAR SIX
Landau Sedan
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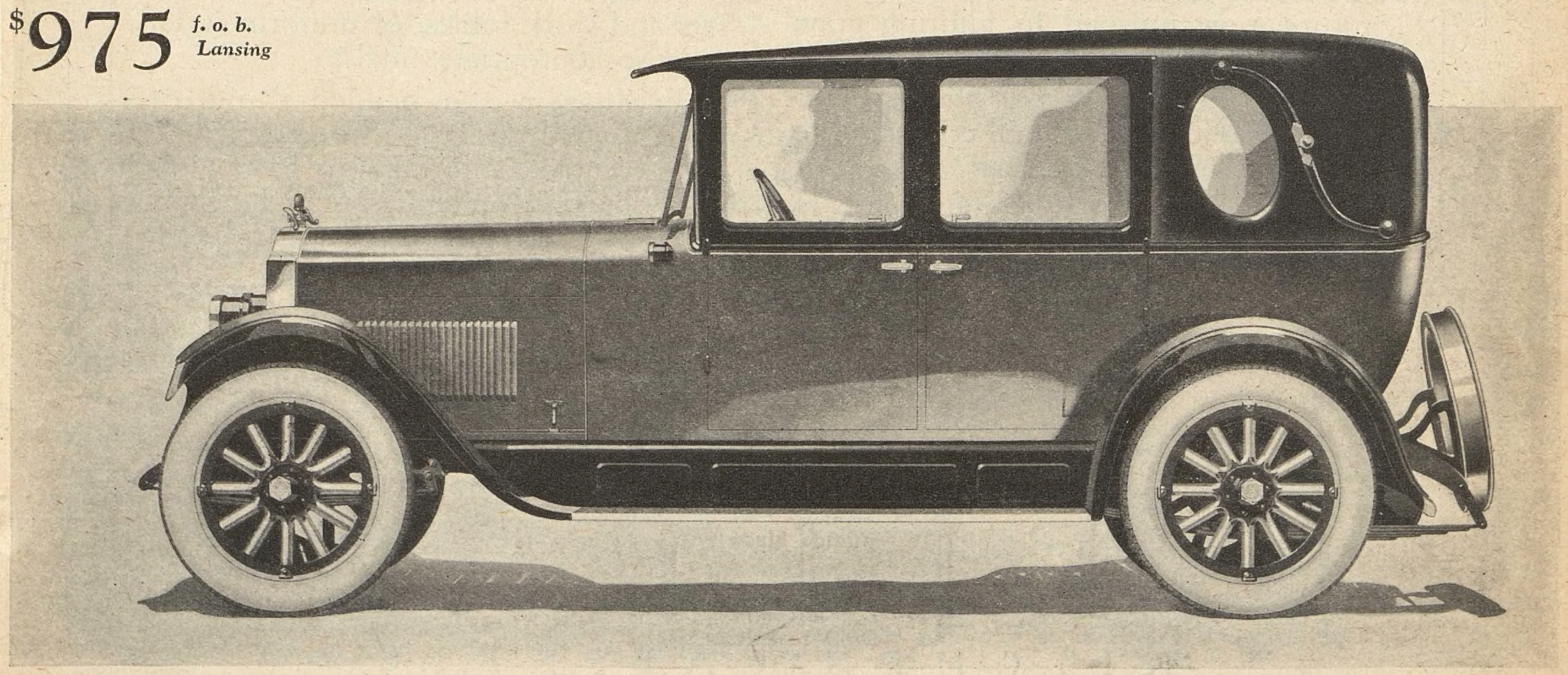

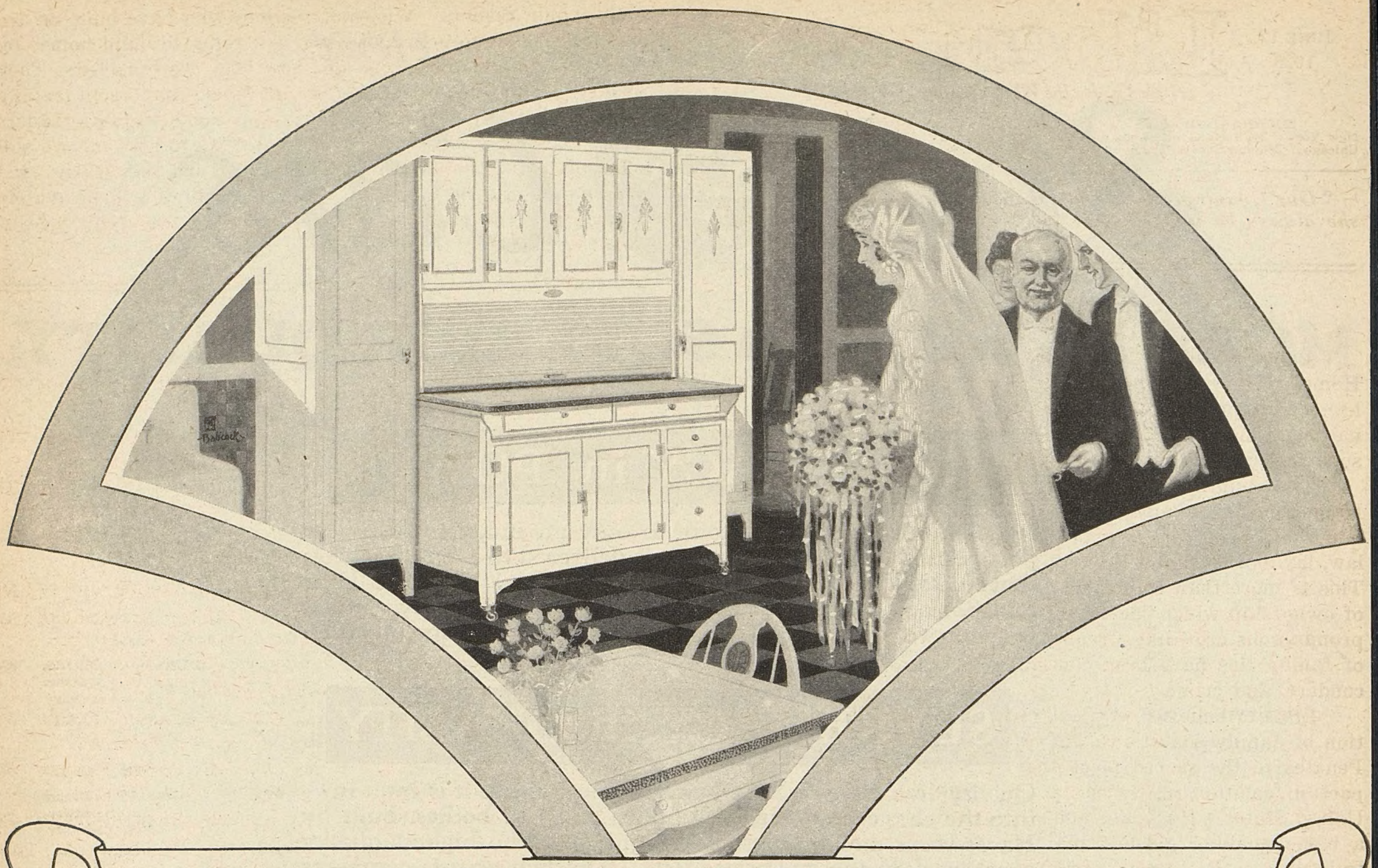

Let our booklet tell you about the "pat-est" thing in the bride's outfit

Pat, because a fine Sellers kitchen cabinet is an ever welcome saver of time and energy in the important work of the home!

Pat, because it is a beautiful piece of furniture, now finished in alluring gray; also in white, or natural wood, to harmonize with modern colorful kitchens!

Pat, because its cost is small compared to the large service it renders!

Pat, because it is a welcome factor in true economy!

Pat, because of the Sellers "fifteen famous features," which include a remarkable oversize work-surface of fine porceliron that will not stain!

Pat, because our utility closets, breakfast sets and work tables, of uniform style, are also appropriate gifts!

Pat, because it is a needed thing, of which our handsome booklet "L-6" gives complete information: sent, without obligation, on request to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana.

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SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

JUNE 12, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

OWN YOUR HOME—*An Editorial*

LIBERTY believes the United States is founded upon the Home. Every new home built is a visible expression of the love of country and the faith in the ideals upon which the nation stands. It is convinced that a nation builded upon such foundations cannot be shaken.

The emigration of such large numbers of the population from homes into apartments, flats, tenements, and residence hotels has been concurrent with the breakdown of respect for law, lax morality, and the fading of American home traditions. This is more than coincidence. The destruction of that pride of ownership which caused pioneers to conquer the wilderness, promiscuous crowding, frequent moving, and quick dissolution of family ties have been contributory causes to disorder, lax conduct, and crime.

LIBERTY believes return to ownership of the home, restoration of family conditions, and the elevation of the Lares and Penates to the sacred place they once held will play a large part in solution of the social and political problems of the United States. Husbands and wives busy planning or building a home, making garden, planting flowers, cutting grass, or tinkering with the car preparatory to a drive over smooth roads, through hills and fields and woods, haven't much time or thought for affinities, hooch, or jazz parties. Children, fledglings of such a nest, are not apt to fall for the lure of vice or crime, or into bad company.

Believing these things and knowing that the automobile, good roads, rapid transportation, modern heating, plumbing, and refrigeration, the radio, vacuum cleaner, and washing machine have made home life in suburbs or country easy and pleasant, LIBERTY desires to help its readers in realizing their dream of owning a home.

It is purely a business proposition. This magazine believes service is the finest as well as the best paying form of good business. It would help its readers to own their homes and keep families together because every such home means LIBERTY readers each week. We want to help because home-building is constructive, visible Americanism of the best sort.

Therefore LIBERTY has arranged a plan through which it hopes to aid every family among its readers to own a home, to help them build, to keep them from making costly mistakes, to get the kind of house they want, made of the right materials, at the lowest possible price.

Theories and textbooks have their place, but not in helping laymen to solve the practical problems of home-building. The best way to teach that subject is by actual example. And that is what LIBERTY purposes to do—to show real homes being constructed by real people, and to interpret and explain the REASONS for everything that is done during the planning, construction, and equipment of each dwelling.

It is a big undertaking; the biggest we have yet attempted, but we have no doubt of its success or its value to you and to us. We have the co-operation of the most expert and experienced builders of homes in the world and the active assistance of a number of the best architects in America.

Independent of the experts, however, we want the co-operation of our readers. We want readers who have built or are building homes to help those who are going to build homes by telling their own problems and how they were solved. They should explain their mistakes, so that others may avoid making the same blunders. Briefly we want our home-building readers to tell each other what to do and what NOT to do—and we will offer prizes for the best object lessons. Turn over a page and read the details of this plan, which we believe will ultimately add tens of thousands of modern homes to the credit side of Americanism.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Tia Juana: Town of the Lost

"AUNT JANE"—THE OLD LADY FROM HELL, by GEORGE K. SHAFFER, tells the amazing story of Tia Juana, the playground just across the border in Mexico. In the last year, three million Americans have gone to this town. What they find there; the tragedies that have awaited some of those who went there for a lark; facts about the millionaires who run the night life of the resort—all these things are told in this astonishing revelation.

SOPHIE KERR contributes a delightful tale about a girl plagued by too many heroes. It's called: AS EASY AS KISS-ME-HAND.

DAVID BELASCO tells how he creates beauty in human faces through the magic of color and light. For the secrets of this master of stage effects read LIGHTING THE STARS.

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, in THE BROKEN PLEDGE, tells a tale of Palm Beach rum-running, with a daring society girl as the heroine. It's crowded with thrills.

WALTER JOHNSON'S FAN MAIL is an illuminating article by the great pitcher's wife. While telling about the astonishing mass of letters he receives, she gives us an extraordinary insight into a part of baseball players' lives seldom seen by the public.

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Belvo Twist

Cool as can be for Summer

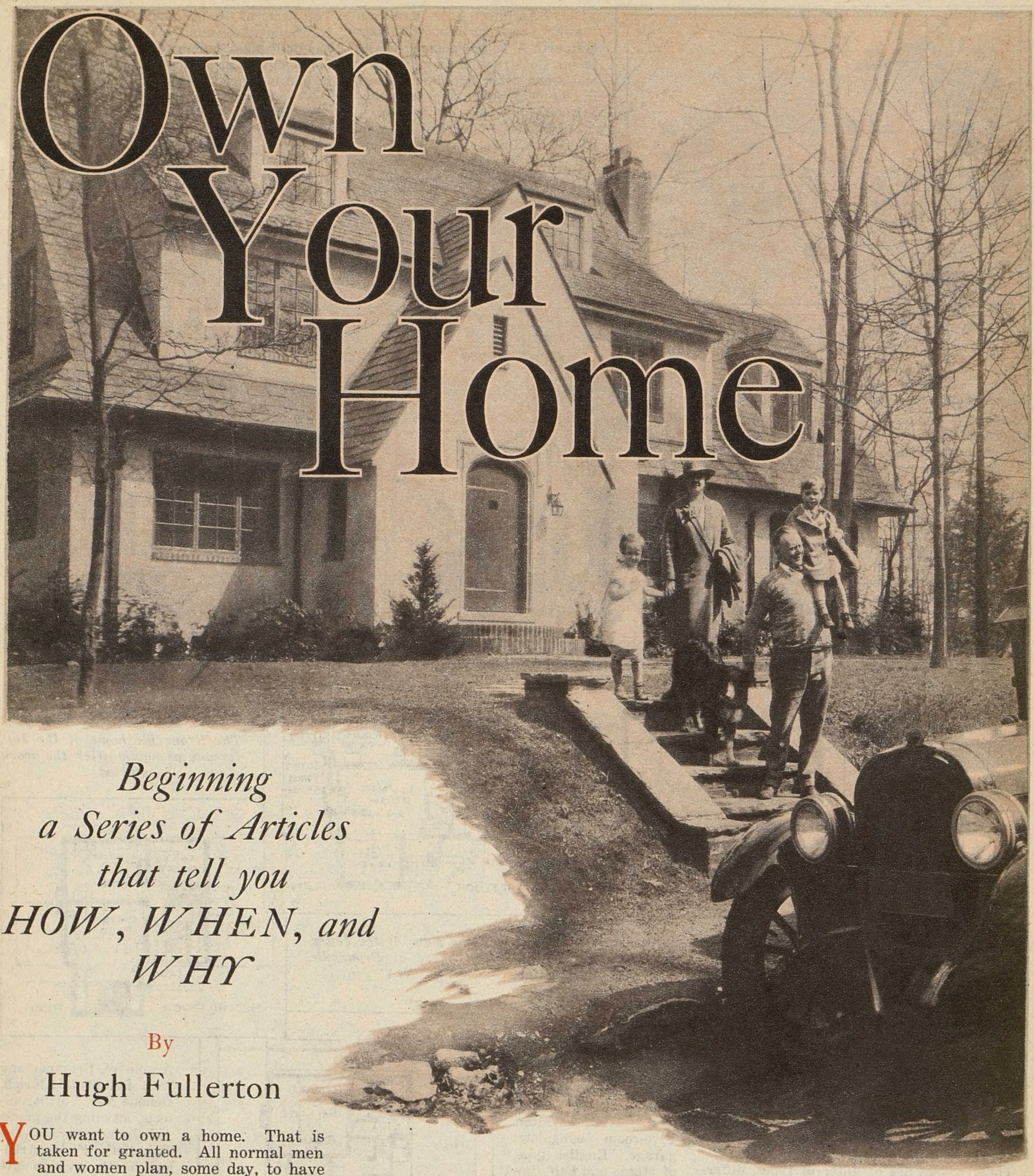
It's the kind of fabric a man always wants for a summer suit, but seldom finds! One that's light enough and porous enough to stay cool in the hottest weather—but has sufficient body to keep its shape and tailor perfectly. Belvo Twist is strong too—exceptionally long wearing. Made up in the new Society Brand styles, it gives you a suit with the same perfection of cut that you find in Society Brand Clothes for all other times of the year. A smart, crisp effect that makes you look as cool as you feel!

In pastel shades of biscuit, gray, and light blue; narrow stripes or plaid effects

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN · *Makers* · CHICAGO · NEW YORK *In Canada* · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED · *Montreal*

Own Your Home



Beginning a Series of Articles that tell you HOW, WHEN, and WHY

By

Hugh Fullerton

YOU want to own a home. That is taken for granted. All normal men and women plan, some day, to have a home of their own; a place with trees, flowers, a garden; a home for the children.

Liberty has undertaken to help its readers realize this dream; to bring that vague "some day" closer, and to help you with the financing, the buying, and the building of homes.

Automobiles, fast transportation, modern heating, plumbing, refrigeration, and household machinery have made home life easy and robbed it of drudgery and the servant problem. Radio, music reproducers, and a hundred other devices have brought amusement, instruction, and entertainment to the home. Science and invention have made it possible to get out of crowded cities, out of apartments, into the fresh air of the country or suburbs, and out of the limits of four walls into detached houses—real homes.

Liberty has undertaken to help, and to encourage this movement by selecting four typical American families to build four typical American homes, at varying cost, dependent upon the purses of the owners. It has arranged that each of these home builders shall report in detail every step of planning, finan-

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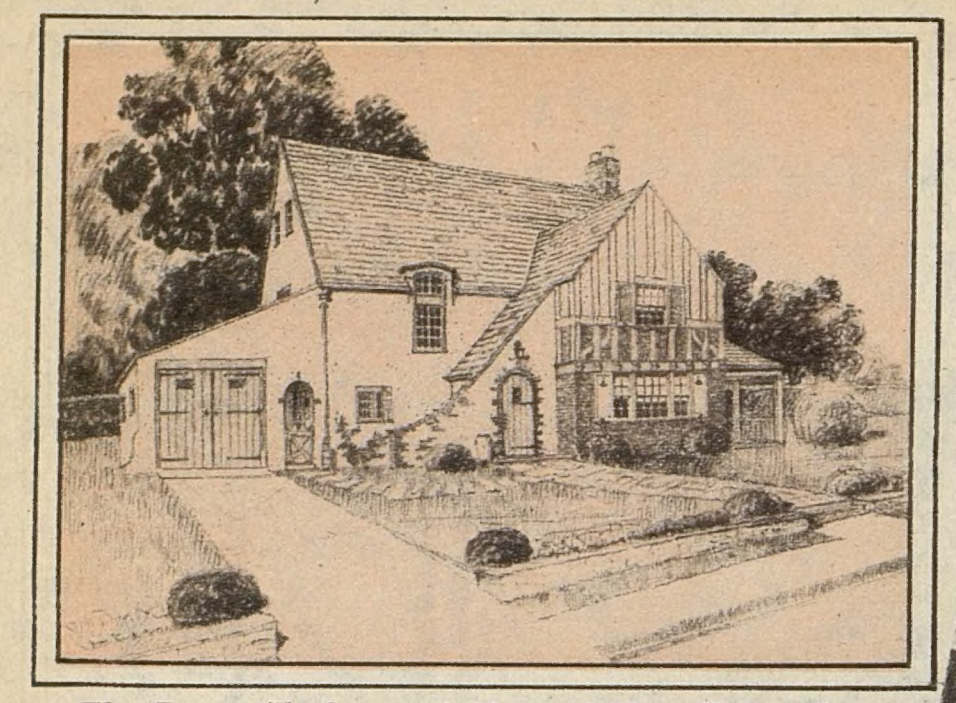


The Bronxville home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Jefferson as they visualized it.

[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Seven]

cing, building, fitting, and furnishing these homes. If delays or troubles—financial or otherwise—happen, they are to tell of them. If they make mistakes, or blunder into added expense, the story of their mistakes will be told, in order that you may escape and avoid the same errors.

The best home builders in the world, who have built and helped build more model homes than anyone else, will assist LIBERTY in preparing these articles and in giving advice. Some of the best architects in America will aid.

LIBERTY wants its readers to know exactly what every home builder is up against when he undertakes to erect a home, and how to get the best house, the best location, the best material, for the least money.

Four different types of houses in four widely separated parts of the United States have been chosen. One of them already has been started; two are ready to break ground as this article is being written; the fourth will be started next week. One of the houses is in Milwaukee, one in Kansas City, and one in Spokane, Washington. The first one, the story of the building of which starts in this issue of LIBERTY, is at Bronxville, in a suburb of New York City.

THIS one is far enough along in construction for the owner to tell his experiences, and, being a practical architect-builder himself, building his own home for his wife and baby, his heart is in the story of that house.

These houses are of different types, different materials, and varying prices.

The four houses selected are:

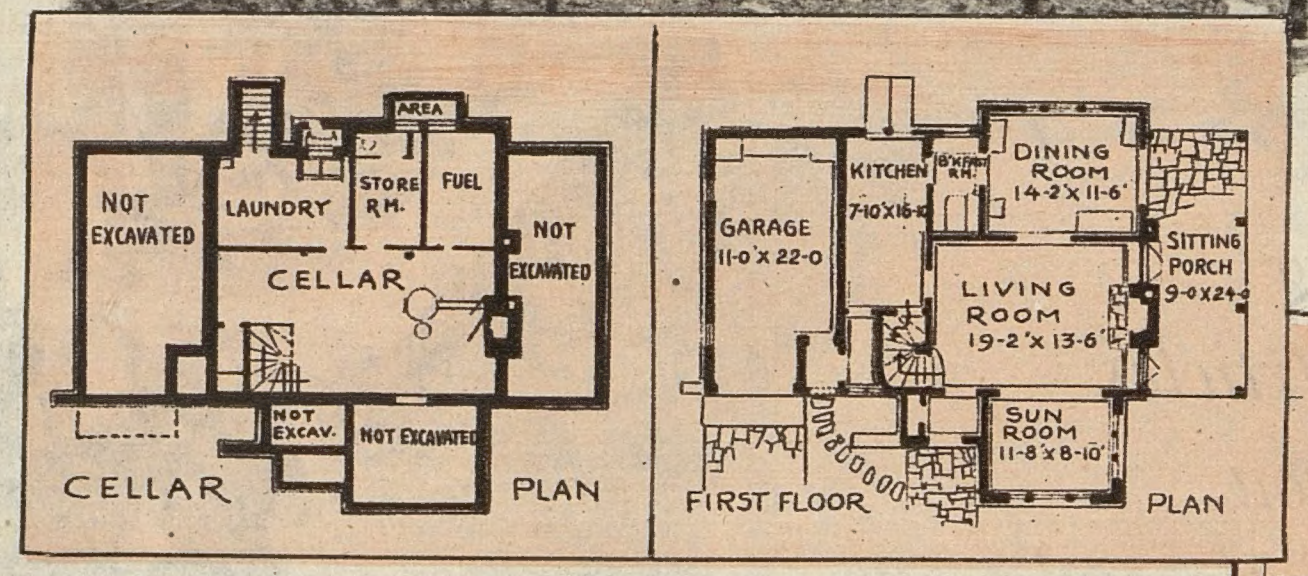
Bronxville, New York—Owner, Henry G. Jefferson. Architect, Henry G. Jefferson. Location, corner Seneca Avenue and Chippewa Road, Bronxville. Eight rooms, built-in garage, and sun-room. Construction, stucco on frame, with tapestry brick and half-timber trim. Cost, approximately $20,000.

Spokane, Washington—Owner, George M. Visk. Architect, M. Randolph Smith. Location, West 523 Twenty-fourth Avenue, Spokane. Seven rooms. Construction, tapestry brick and composition shingles. Garage in basement. Cost, approximately $10,000.

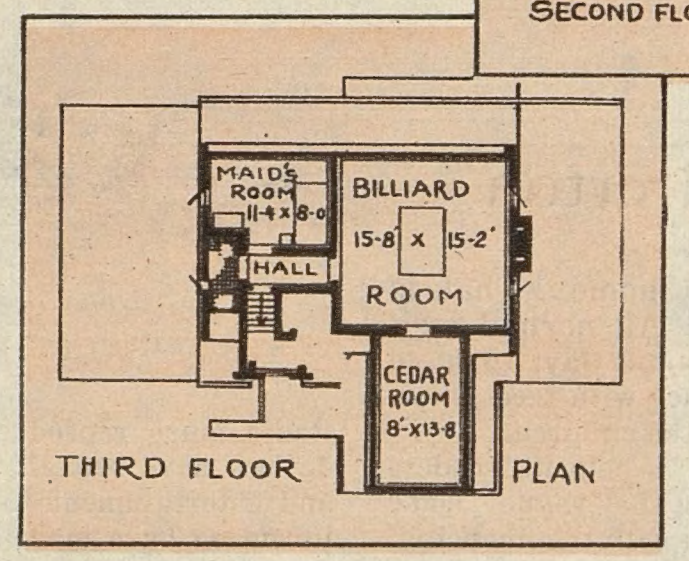
Milwaukee, Wisconsin—Owner, Richard S. Davis. Architect, Russell Barr Williamson. Location, 561 Thirty-third Street. Seven rooms and garage. Construction, brick veneer on frame below, wooden shingles above. Cost, approximately $12,500.

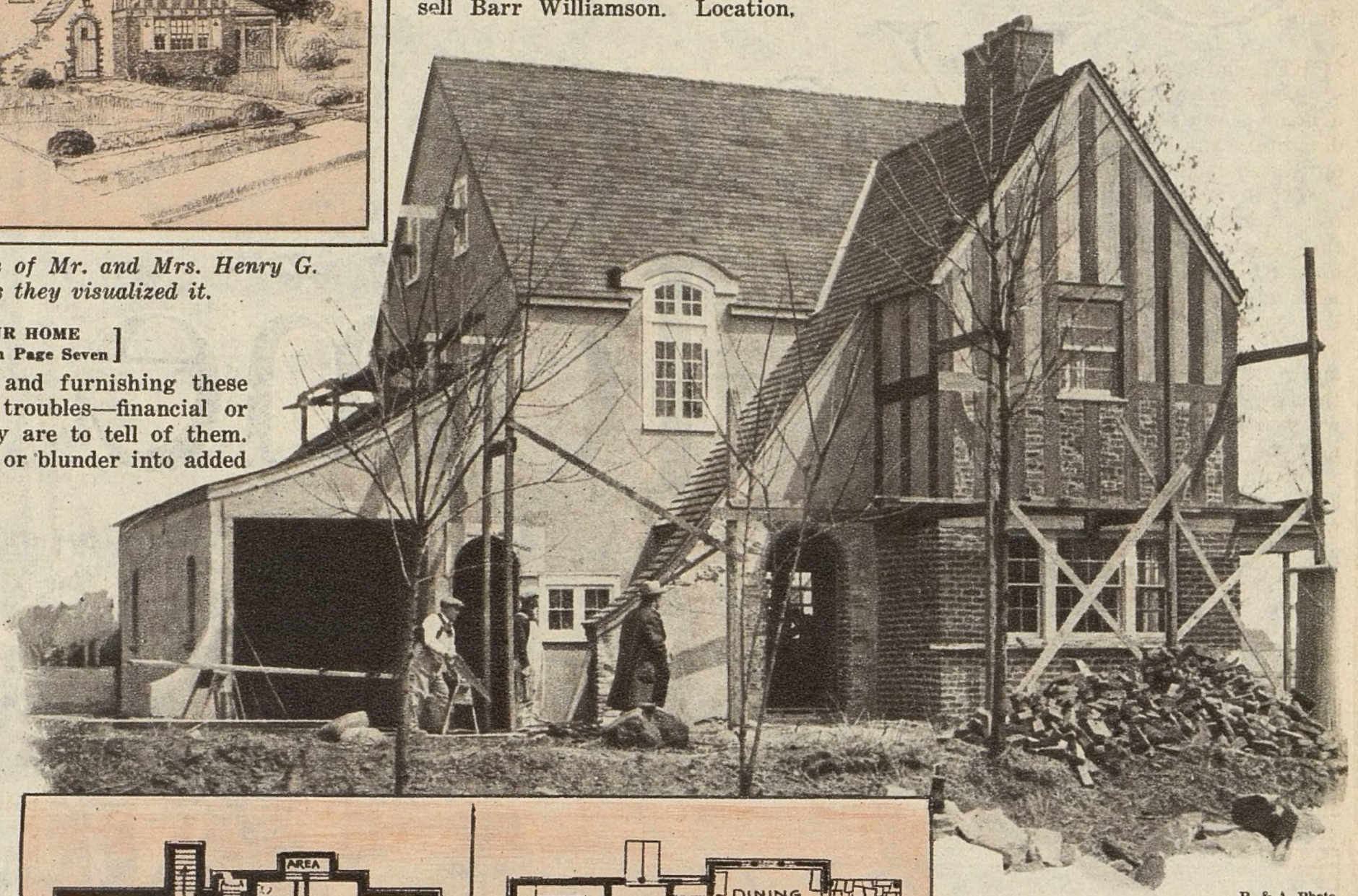
Kansas City, Missouri—Owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward, 4910 Glendale Road. Architect, Miss Alice Walton. Five-room bungalow; garage. English type, of stucco and half timber. One-floor plan. House built for the two children with specially planned nursery. Cost, about $7,000.

Three of these houses are being built by average citizens of their communities; people of moderate circumstances who must face exactly the same problems you and every home builder must face.



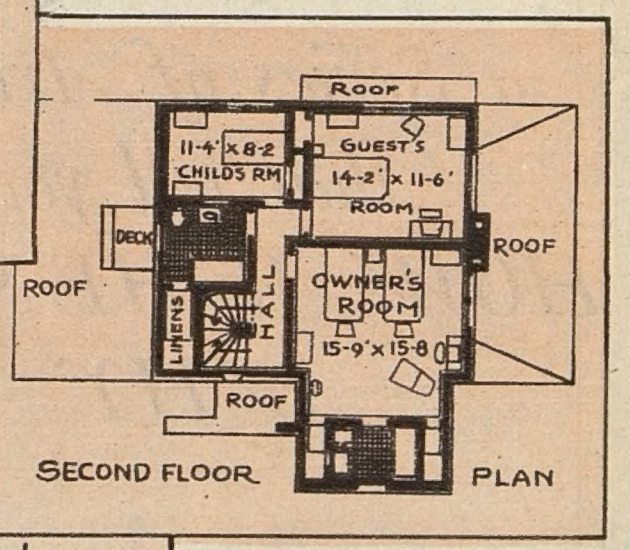
Floor plans of the Jefferson house at Bronxville, N. Y.





P. & A. Photo

The Bronxville home of the Jeffersons a month after the work started.



Arnold W. Brumner and with Delano & Aldrich, famous New York architects, learning the game.

Jefferson was with the Twentieth Field Artillery, Fifth Division. He hard-boiled his way up to corporal, and while in occupation at Luxemburg, a contest was announced to select men to take a course in architectural designing, that they might aid in rebuilding devastated France. Jefferson entered the contest, so did his captain. One morning while Corporal Jefferson was curry-

ing a horse, the captain approached, and said: "Corporal, you won. Throw away that damned currycomb and report for study at the School of Architecture at Bellevue."

Good fellow, that captain! Corporal Jefferson was broke, and the captain loaned him the money to go. He studied there three months and, before leaving France, married a beautiful French girl and brought her to the United States.

THEY had two ambitions: that he should become an architect and that they should own a home. And when, two years ago, the baby daughter came, they built themselves a home on Staten Island.

"Funny thing!" he says. "When an architect builds a house for himself, he makes all the mistakes possible. He may build good houses for others, but the first one for himself is a mass of blunders. After he lives in it a couple of years and hears his wife kick about the arrangement, he can build one right. We went through that. During the two years we lived in our first house we studied everything, and planned the new one we are now building."

In his own story, which follows, Mr. Jefferson will tell how and why the house was planned and financed, as well as what difficulties he encountered.

Of course, being a practical architect, he can do better than an average home builder can do. As a more or less expert and experienced man he tells you how to save without sacrificing quality or comfort.

He admits he is putting more into his own home than he would put into one built for a client, for he wants all the luxuries and conveniences.

Each month the four home builders will tell what they have done, how they have met delays and unexpected developments, and just what happens until the homes are finished. Photographs will show the progress of each house.

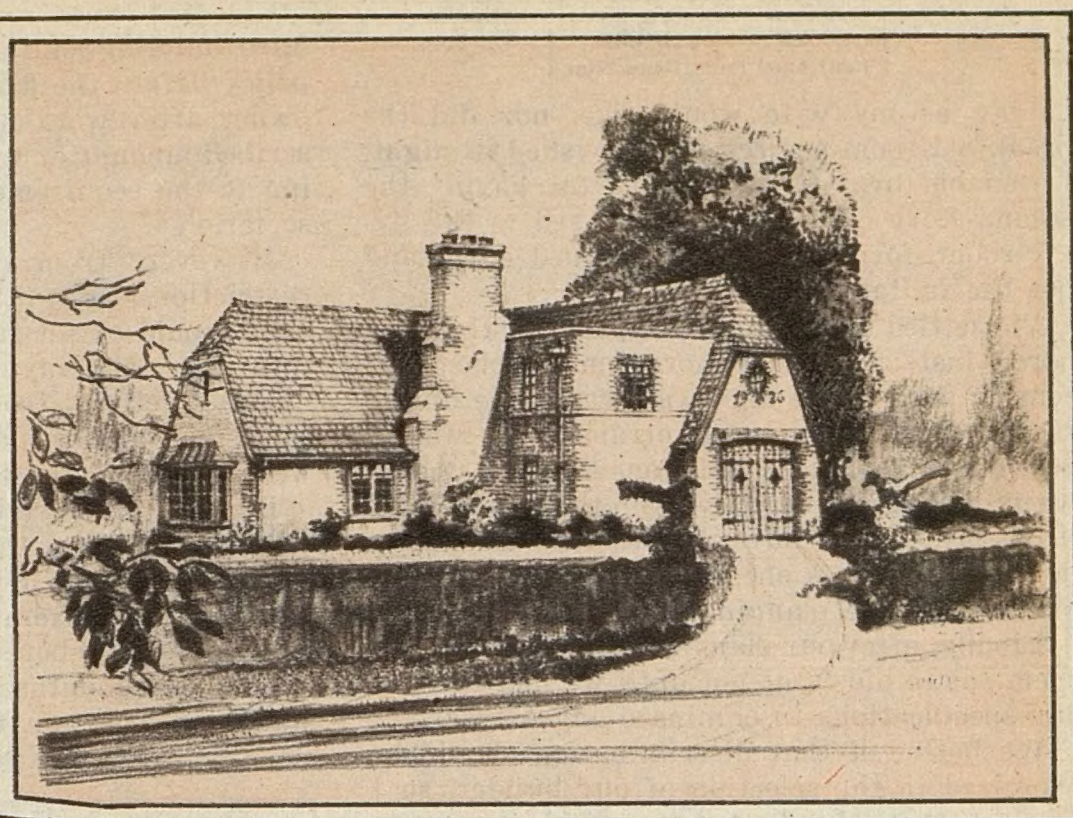
We want help. Every reader of LIBERTY is invited to suggest any way in which building operations might be conducted with less expense or more expeditiously.

To stimulate interest and co-operation LIBERTY is offering weekly prizes to contributors. Each week a number of these helpful suggestions will be printed, and each writer will be paid $25 for the information that is printed.

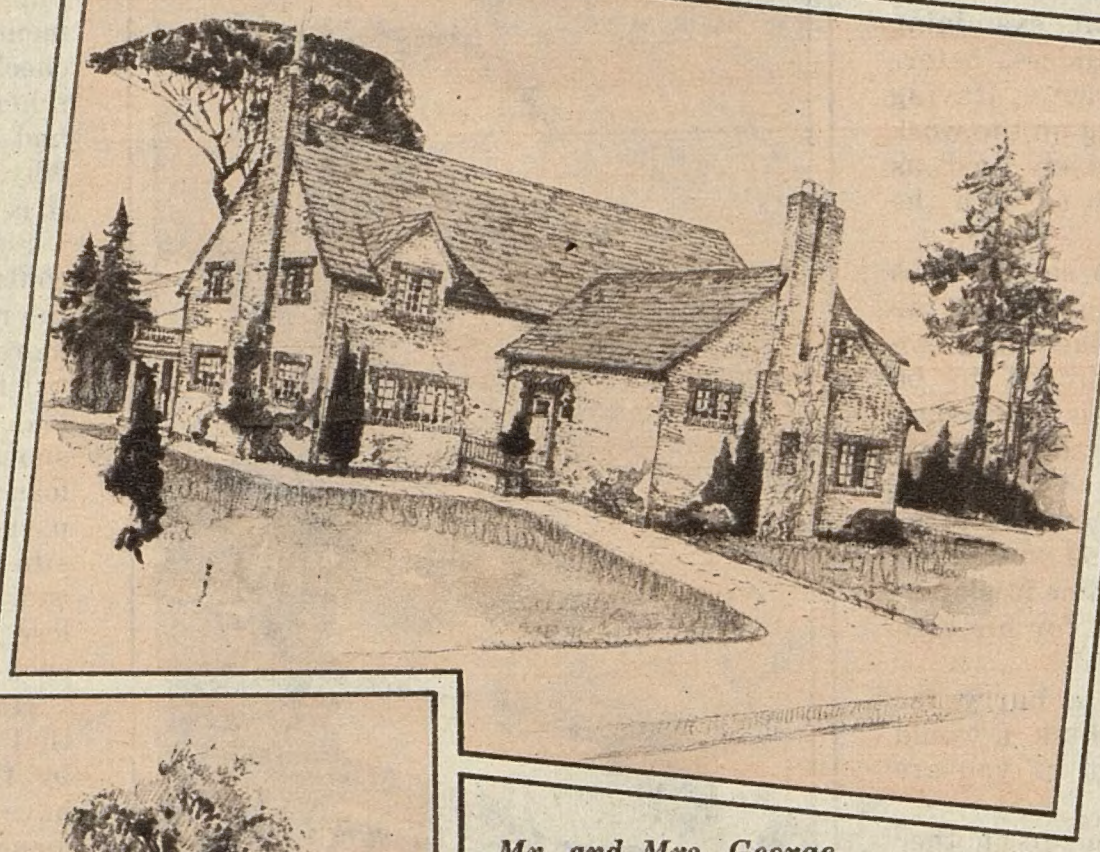
If anyone needs advice on home building he may obtain it, without expense, by corresponding with LIBERTY'S Home Builders' Department.

The Home Owners' Service Institute, Inc., of New York, is co-operating with LIBERTY in this service.

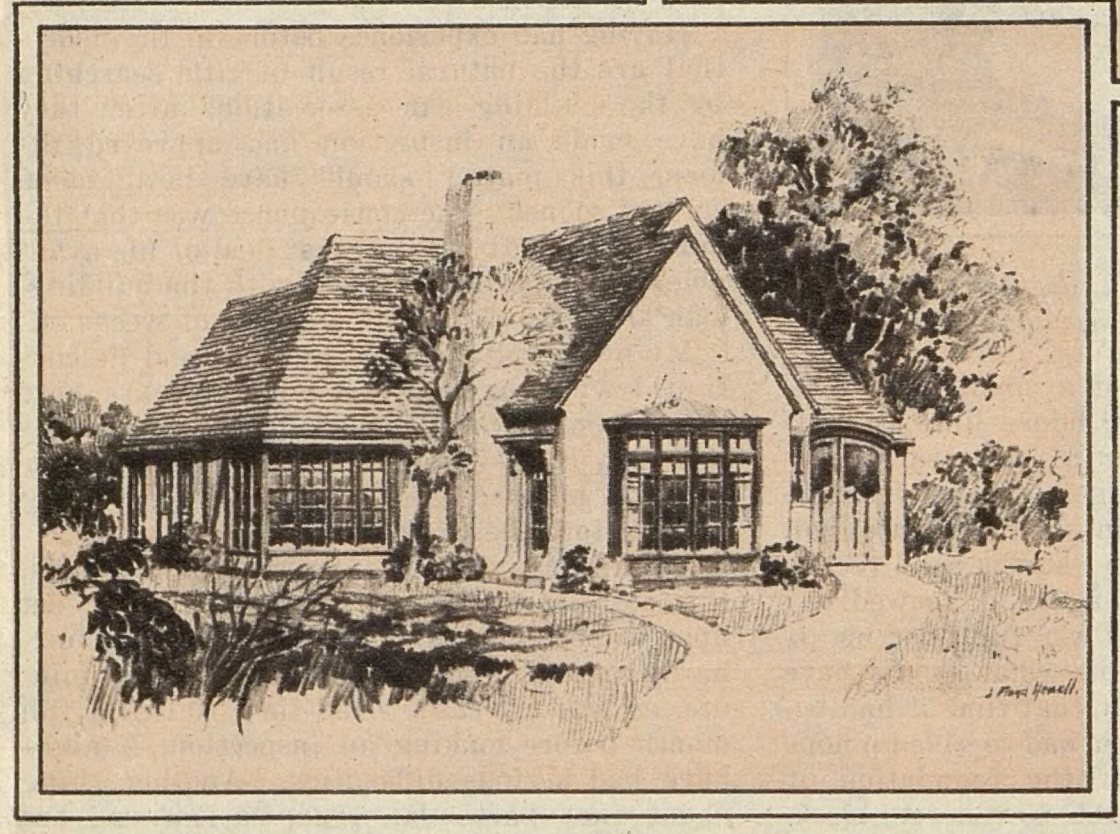
Address all communications to Home Owners' Department, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Davis, Milwaukee, as it will appear (rear view).



Mr. and Mrs. George M. Visk will have this home on Overbluff, Spokane, Wash.



The home at Kansas City, Missouri, that Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward have planned for their children as it will look when completed.

In succeeding weeks the home builder in Kansas City will tell of the start of his house, with his problems and experiences. The man and wife who are building a home on Overbluff, that beautiful hill section of Spokane, will tell their tale. And the story of the new home in Milwaukee will be told.

These people are going through what you will go through when you build. Their experiences and their mistakes will help you build your home and will save you money.

But LIBERTY'S plan is bigger than that. It wants each reader to follow, stone by stone, brick by brick, the erection of these houses.

HOW WE ARE BUILDING OUR HOME

By HENRY G. JEFFERSON

MOST architects make a mess of the first house they build for themselves. I made one of mine. I was joshed about it so much that I decided to let a few of the wife's wishes prevail in my next one—there was bound to be a next one, for the mistakes in the first were too accusing.

Instead of going at the job from a running jump the next time, I'd take counsel with my wife all the way through. No building again in a valley, with its wet mornings when the hilltops were bathed in sunlight. No western exposures, with their sun-baked rooms. No more scourge of mosquitoes. No laboring uphill through snow and slush on my way to work—that was a job in itself. No, in our new home we'd eliminate most of these bugbears. We'd live on a hill!

We were fortunate in our choice of a location. It was a plot on a corner, size 115 by 75 feet, with its principal exposure to the south along a 115-foot frontage. We went over the ground to see if there was any stone outcropping; a condition, if it prevailed, that would make many so-called buys worthless.

The only drawback was the fact that the soil was more sand than loam, and I imagine, before we get through, we are to have a job on our hands getting things to grow. The upshot of our inspection was that we laid down the deposit to secure the lot, and then— Well, *then* the trouble began!

TO start with, we had different ideas. We settled whether we were to have the garage separated from the house—her way—or have it as it was finally settled—my way.

I asked how she intended keeping the radiator in the car from freezing. I pointed to the advantages of having running water, both hot and cold. Of having electric current. I mentioned the added convenience of ready accessibility if the garage were incorporated with the house. She finally gave in. And so it went all through the plan, and, with plenty of give and take, we worked out a plan.

We both feel that we have accomplished it without sacrificing a single essential convenience or comfort. The dining-room was not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OWN YOUR HOME
Continued from Page Nine]

as big as my wife would like, nor did the breakfast-room project as she wished it might. I won her over to my scheme for having the second-story ceiling beams exposed in the living-room, forming the real beamed effect and not the imitation.

We settled on irregular flagging for the open porch instead of that more commonplace red cement floor. The driveway was to be of the same material, while the entrance walk was to be a mixture of slate and stone flagging, which we intend to lay directly over the grass after it has been sown. Mrs. Jefferson's bath was to be "en suite," as she wished, and so it went all through the planning.

Finally, after our plans were laid out, we put them out to bids, but not until we had checked our specifications to eliminate any extras.

We both felt that discrimination should be exercised in the selection of our builder, so I advised that the best bet would be to go around some Saturday afternoon, examining the workmanship of several builders, before we proceeded to let the contract. Having builders of similar merits figuring on the work would insure our getting relatively just as good a job with the "low" man as with the "high" one.

Anyway, we did go around to several jobs and gained a considerable insight into the workmanship of them all. One man we thought an excellent builder proved to be a dud, and, only that we saw his work ourselves, we wouldn't have believed he could make such a mess of a house. We finally settled on three builders, gave them the plans and specifications, and sat back and waited for the blow to fall. The estimates came in slowly. I called up one builder and asked for his estimate. This was his reply:

"I didn't think you were in a hurry for your estimate, and, anyway, I think I would rather not build for an architect, as you are apt to be too fussy."

I got my plans back, let them out to another fellow, and within a week got a figure that not only was the lowest bid, but upon examining a house the builder was putting up for himself, we found him to be just the man we were looking for! He has since vindicated our judgment, and we have had no regrets. In fact, we have been hugging ourselves ever since on our good fortune.

NOT that I haven't had some difficulties and squabbles with him. I will cite one instance: When we were signing the contract, he said that I would have to raise the eaves of the house ten inches, as the attic-floor joists would not rest directly on the plate over the wall studs, and consequently they would tend to push the front and rear walls outward in case a heavy weight were placed on the attic floor.

I tried to tell him that it was perfectly safe to build it my way. Since it was my house I was going to see that he did build it that way. When I got around to the job one morning, there the roof was—built just as I intended it should be, with the builder grinning sheepishly. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Before we started to build I had to have the title of the property searched, to see if it were faulty through liens, costly restrictions, et cetera. It was only after we had received the report on the title that I broke ground.

A title search can be guaranteed as to clarity of title, in which case, after a building is started or completed on the plot for which a clear title is certified, the examining company can be held liable for any damages sustained. Most building-loan associations demand a title policy before the first payment is made to the owner after work has commenced and a prescribed amount of work has been done according to the requirements of that particular association.

However, from our policy I learned the restrictions as to the nearest distance our house could be set from the property lines—in this case the only restriction being twenty-five feet setback from either street line, while the side- and rear-line setback restrictions were prescribed by the city zoning ordinances.

Having our restrictions in mind, our next step was to have the house so placed on the lot that it would meet with all these requirements. Upon examination, I found that my next-door neighbor's property had been surveyed a few months previously, so we used his stakes as a datum upon which to locate our

P. & A. Photo

Henry G. Jefferson, architect and owner of the Bronxville house.

house. The builder used a small hand level to locate and square the house lines, set his batter boards, and within a few days had his excavator on the job. But it was not long before our difficulties began. Our excavator got into a jam on another job—struck solid rock—and it was three weeks before it showed up; by which time the winter was full upon us. It took two weeks to excavate what should have taken but a few days. By that time it had become so cold that we either had to give up hope of doing a good job of the foundation or change from poured concrete to concrete block.

I talked the matter over with my wife and we decided that we'd not risk a faulty foundation but would permit the substitution of the concrete block.

I finally agreed with the builder, in writing, to the following: He would be allowed to proceed with the concrete-block foundation, provided he filled the voids solid with cement mortar concrete, and brush coated the inside walls of the cellar with hot tar, and cement floated over same. This he proceeded to do, and then the work commenced to shape up into a house.

Everything went along well until the morning when I visited the job and found that instead of making the second-floor joists 2 by 10s, he had them in 2 by 8s. I called him on that and, on going over the specifications, found that the floor joists were 2 by 8. But I knew that I had them 2 by 10 somewhere, and showed him the cross section where it showed the beams as being 2 by 10.

However, as he had ordered as well as listed his material from the specifications, and had already put some of the beams in place, we compromised. He agreed to double the cross bridging between joists and thus bring them to almost the same bearing strength.

I hate to admit this mistake, but cite it simply to prove that an architect can make some of those elementary slips even on his own house. Things have been going along as well as one can expect. The heavy snows of January and February, together with the severe cold, tended to hold the construction up at times.

SOME time before the roof was nearing completion, the plumber was putting in his "roughing," as he calls the cast-iron soil vent and waste pipes. I went over the layout with him, taking up the fixtures and their placement, et cetera, verifying their proper location, checking whether they would fit into the scheme of things as shown or whether they had to be moved in different positions, and why. I always go over the plumbing before it is started by the plumbers.

So we had advanced to the point where the contractor was ready for his first payment—the roof was on and the chimney erected. Then more trouble.

I had purposely put off getting my building-loan application ready because of the heavy snows. I was afraid that it would hurt my loan if an inspector came over to the place on a nasty day. What is ordinarily a wonderful site would lose most of its value in his eyes, as well as the fact that a snow-laden house would lose much of its natural appeal if viewed under such conditions.

Having had experience before in the delays that are the natural result of title searching by the building-loan associations after they have made an inspection and approved the loan, this matter should have been taken care of sooner. The consequence was that the builder was left with a great deal of his available cash sunk into the job, with the building-loan association's search a couple of weeks off.

My own capital helped him out and he continued with the work. I might remark here that I went to the Railroad Building Loan Association in New York City, and my application was handled quickly, the inspection being made before the week was out.

Unlike many of the lesser organizations, this association holds weekly meetings to act upon loans. This is of great value to the foolhardy who have let things go to the last minute, as was my case. Had they waited a full month before making an inspection, I might have had serious difficulties. Another thing about that particular organization was the fact that after they did make the first payment inspection, they notified me within a few days the day and hour on which my check would be waiting.

By the time I received my first payment the exterior stucco had been applied, and some of the painting coats had been done on the exterior of our new home.

Next week LIBERTY will print the story of the home being built by and for Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward, in Kansas City. This is the smallest of the LIBERTY houses, of five rooms and built-in garage. House and grounds are specially planned and built for the babies, with a clever nursery arrangement. The house is to cost about $7,000.

The Corbin Necklace

By

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Beginning a Great Serial of Mystery and a Girl's Delightful Daring

Pictures by
JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

OLD Mrs. Corbin turned upon him furiously. "I won't be nagged to death!"

"HOW much do you suppose it's really worth?" Punch wanted to know.

"Your grandmother's necklace?" I inquired. It had been ten minutes or so since we mentioned it. Evidently, though, it was still on his mind. "Oh, something fabulous," I told him.

But I saw at once that the reply hadn't passed muster. It had struck him, apparently, as a typically adult remark; frivolous, or ignorant—or both. I don't like being a typical adult to Punch, so I tried to do better.

"I don't know much about pearls," I said. "They're a special subject. And I haven't even seen the necklace since your mother wore it at some ball or other—oh, prewar, perhaps a dozen years ago. But you can put it at this safely enough—if it were sold and the money it brought invested, even conservatively, it would produce an income one could live on."

"If you had to sell it to a fence, though," Punch observed, "you wouldn't get nearly as much for it. And a regular jeweler would know where it came from, if you'd stolen it, and call up the police. I suppose the way to do would be to break the string and sell the pearls one or two at a time. Even that would be pretty hard to do."

"You aren't planning to steal the necklace yourself, are you?" I inquired.

He smiled politely, by way of acknowledging the joke, but without losing his thoughtful air.

"It was horribly silly—putting it in the paper, anyhow."

"Putting what in the paper?"

"About how Gran was going to give it to Judy for a wedding present. I've got it here. I tore it out of Tuesday's paper. I thought perhaps it was just as well not to have it lying around the house."

He removed it in a wad from a pocket in his knickerbockers and brought it around to me to see.

There were columns about Judith Corbin's approaching wedding in all the papers, these days. Justifiably, too, perhaps. If news is whatever people are curious about, the Corbins have been news for three generations.

But the particular article which Punch had put into my hand was written in the vein I most detest—knowing, insinuating, pandering to the most abject form of snobbery.

"Confound American newspapers!" I said.

Punch caught me up sharply. "It isn't their fault!" he declared. "They're better than the newspapers in any other country."

His Americanism, I may remark, is almost rabid. As a result of his having been dragged all over Europe for most of his boyhood, the temperature of his patriotism is far above normal; say about one hundred and four. It goes rather oddly with the rest of him, for in other respects he's an incorruptible realist.

"My remark about American newspapers is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Eleven]

stricken out," I said hastily. "I didn't mean to insult our country. But I agree with you that the reference to the necklace is unfortunate. Of course, your mother——"

I was going to say, "knows best," or something like that, just to avoid any implied criticism of Victoria. But Punch broke in:

"I don't think it was mother who told them. She's been kind of funny about that necklace."

Well, there were old reasons why the necklace should be a sore point with Victoria. I didn't feel like going into them with her thirteen-year-old son.

"Where is it?" I asked. "In the bank, I suppose."

"No, it isn't. It's down here. Grandmother's got it in that silly old safe of hers. Isn't that the worst possible place to keep anything that people might want to steal? It isn't supposed to be hard at all to open an ordinary safe. If Gran would just give it to me and let me hide it for her somewhere, it would be a whole lot safer."

"I know," I agreed, "that in every detective story and in most plays there's a character who can sandpaper the tips of his fingers and open a safe quicker than I can break into a can of sardines. Whether experts of that sort are really so numerous, or safes so little entitled to their names, I don't know."

He didn't a bit mind my laughing at him. "Well," he said, "there's going to be big trouble, I bet, before this business is over."

Certainly there's no denying that, in this instance, Punch was a good prophet.

The next moment Punch had pulled the great door

IT is probably unnecessary to remark that Punch derives his nickname from the fact that his sister had been named Judith. He was christened John Benedict Corbin, as were his father and grandfather, both now long dead, before him. And perhaps, since I have been in a way commissioned to set down an account of the business of the next few days and the trouble it involved, I may as well begin being a little more explicit. The consensus seems to be that I know as much about it as anybody, though—or perhaps because—I have really been very little involved.

I might have been involved a good deal deeper, since I'm the Corbins' only near neighbor. The original plan had been that on the occasion of Judith's wedding—an old-style country wedding it was to be—I should keep bachelor's hall for the groom, his best man, and some of the ushers. Also, as a traditional friend of the family, I'd have been over at The Oaks most of the time from the beginning of the festivities to the end. But my house, a few days earlier, had been pretty well wrecked and gutted by a bad fire, and in the course of my efforts to get things out of the burning building I'd had the serious misfortune—that, anyhow, was the way I felt about it at the time—to break my leg.

In the light of ensuing events, I'm not altogether sorry that I had to spend those wretched days in my gardener's cottage with my leg in a cast. It had, at least, its compensations. Nobody, so far as I know, from first to last, suspected me of complicity in, or even guilty knowledge of, any crime. A pair of crutches, which I was frightfully clumsy with, a twenty-pound cast on my leg, and an ironclad alibi served to protect me. And, with Punch for a daily visitor, I don't think I missed much of the excitement.

It is possible that since he takes his obligations seriously, he felt he owed me something in return for the thrill he'd been afforded by my fire and my broken leg. He'd helped the surgeon put on the cast—this was before the nurse arrived—and he took a professional, almost a proprietary, interest in the damaged limb from that point on.

But I'm proud to believe that Punch likes me. I'm not often, he's good enough to imply, betrayed into that levity in dealing with serious matters to which most of my generation are incorrigibly addicted. I'm coeval more or less with his mother.

I've always known Victoria, and got on with her well enough, though I never was one of her numerous adorers. Perhaps it was their numerousness that put me off. I haven't, either, in the years since her husband's death, always applauded her judgment, especially in the matter of bringing up her children. But I'd be the first to admit that she's had difficulties.

Oh, well, perhaps, since I've already kept Punch waiting so long, I may as well go ahead and tell my history right end to.

THE first John Corbin's father, Peter I think his name was, came out to these parts somewhere about the time of the Black Hawk War. His ancestors had been seafaring folks—Newburyport, I think they came from—and had prospered at it. Peter had money behind him, anyhow, and he got possession of some thousands of acres of the best land in Illinois—chased the Indians off it, I suppose—and

open. "Why, Gran," he cried, "it wasn't locked!"

built his first house out of bricks that he made on the place.

His son, Punch's grandfather, inherited the whole thing. He may have been able enough, though I suspect the line was thinning out. Anyhow, the most important thing about him is the woman he married.

I haven't an idea who, in the social sense, she was. But certainly for the last fifty years or so she has been a tremendous person. She had two sons—she'd probably have had a dozen but for her husband's untimely death. She completely dominated the elder, Punch's father, and quarreled violently with the younger one, Alexander—she quarreled with everybody she couldn't dominate—so that he ran away, fought in the Spanish War, went out to the Philippines, and stayed there.

John married Victoria Ashcroft; he died two or three months before Punch was born. Judy remembers him, of course, and adores his memory. It's one of the reasons, perhaps, why she doesn't get on better with her mother.

The years never softened old Mrs. Corbin a bit. Her husband's will left the whole fortune in her hands, and she has used it remorselessly as a club to enforce submission to her ideas. In the main I think her ideas have been pretty sound—certainly her business judgment has always been above reproach—but they aren't Victoria's ideas in the least. It's hard to imagine a more difficult position than that of being old Mrs. Corbin's daughter-in-law.

THE famous necklace affords an illustration. As an adornment it has long been useless to the old lady. She's been crippled with arthritis for years, living, from somewhere about dawn till nine o'clock at night, in a wheel chair. Victoria used to wear the necklace frequently. Pearls, I believe, and especially old pearls, need wear. And the thing was popularly supposed to be hers.

But between the old lady and Victoria there was never any ambiguity about it. The mother-in-law kept tab on it most jealously; decreed when it should be worn and when it should not, and kept it most of the time in her possession. She has never liked Victoria, has often openly mistrusted her, and it was easy to believe that her decision to give the necklace to Judy was inspired by a wish to do Victoria out of it finally.

With the children Victoria more nearly had her own way. She had some money of her own, though nowhere near enough to carry out her program for them, and as long as she could keep them away from The Oaks, far enough away to sift out details, their grandmother's edicts were of little effect.

But too far Victoria dared not go. There could be no shadow of doubt that the old lady was in her right mind and able to make a will, and upon this will the disposal of the whole Corbin fortune depended. She could found a theological seminary with it if she liked.

TO make it harder for Victoria—as if it weren't hard enough already—she had not, during the past three or four years, got on very well with Judy. Within the last few months we who were her friends had vaguely understood that the difficulty had got a good deal worse, and Judy was, for a while, a declared rebel. Victoria had been half frantic between the necessity of winning Judy back and keeping all echoes of the trouble from reaching Mrs. Corbin's ears. This acute phase had passed somehow, and Judy had come back, curiously sobered and, superficially at least, tractable.

Now, of course, everything was lovely. Judy was going to be married within a week to a man of whom not only her mother, but, marvelous to relate, old Mrs. Corbin as well, heartily approved.

The old lady had never seen the man himself, for she never went East, and no member of the Applebury clan had ever crossed the Alleghenies. But they were the Appleburys of East Weston, Massachusetts; cautious, solid, not too vulgarly rich. The family fortune had suffered somewhat, we understood, from their Toryism during the Revolutionary War. It was a good bet that they'd endure as long as Plymouth Rock. Anyhow, they might be supposed to be capable of managing Judy.

The girl was safe now, old Mrs. Corbin thought, for life.

Victoria may have thought so, too, but I take the liberty to doubt it. Safe, anyhow, probably for the next four or five years. And if there were an explosion then (I wouldn't put it by Victoria to reflect), it wouldn't so frightfully matter, since the old lady would almost certainly have been gathered to her fathers before that time.

Nunc dimittis, anyhow. For Punch would certainly never make any trouble. He could get on with anybody. Even with his grandmother.

I looked across at him now. He was lost in a brown study, probably about Monsieur Dupin

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We were saved from discussing marriage by the arrival of Judy herself

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

or Sherlock Holmes, or some of their more recent successors.

"When are your mother and Judy coming down?" I asked.

"Oh, Judy's here," he told me. "She came yesterday afternoon. Mother was to have come with her, but she didn't. She'll come today, I expect. She'd better, because the whole gang is coming tomorrow and the house is still something awful. Decorators and curtain hangers working around all over the place. Grandmother's room is about the only one that isn't in a mess, and we're not allowed in there."

I could easily understand the need of all this renovating. The hospitality of the old house hadn't been taxed to capacity, as it was going to be for this wedding, in years.

"How is Judy?" I asked.

"All right," he said, a little doubtfully.

"Well, I assume?"

"Sure," he said.

Then he grinned. "I'd found a new way of climbing up the outside of the house—all the way to the roof. I went up yesterday, and she saw me going by her window and came out and climbed up, too. Then she came all the way down. Not so bad for a girl, because there's one place where it's kind of tricky. And then we took my new rifle and shot a tin can off a fence post. She can shoot as well as I can. I don't see what she wants to get married for. I don't believe she does, either."

Marriage was so evidently incomprehensible to Punch, except as a last resort after the more enjoyable resources of living had come to an end, that I didn't take this last observation so very seriously.

WE were saved from discussing it by the arrival just then of Judy herself. Punch saw her before I did.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

She came over and kissed me before she answered, and would have ignored his question altogether if he hadn't repeated it.

"Oh, in Trumble's flivver," she said. "At least I hope it was Trumble's. It was standing there in the yard where he always leaves it."

"Well," Punch said, getting up decisively, "as long as you're here, I think I'll go back."

"Brotherly love!" she commented, with a grin.

Punch explained—to me rather than to her: "There ought to be somebody in the house."

"There were at least twenty when I left," Judy remarked. "Florists' people, upholsterers—Heaven knows what!"

"That's why," said Punch. "Look here, I'm going to drive the flivver back. You can come along on my bike."

"I like your nerve! Oh, it's all right. Go along."

She didn't turn back to me until she'd seen him out of the cottage and had heard the flivver go rattling away.

It didn't seem credible that Judy was going to be married three days from now. She looked, standing there hatless, disheveled, in her tumbled slip of a dress, not a day more than fifteen. She'd been bickering with her brother like a little girl. What did she know—what could she possibly understand—about marriage?

"I had a lot of nice things all ready to say to you," she turned back to me now with a funny little grimace of perplexity, "and Punch has put them all out of my head."

"Never mind them, and don't blame Punch. He's worrying about the famous necklace."

"Oh, damn the necklace!" she cried.

She might well enough have used an exclamation like that offhand, humorously, or by way of experiment, to see if I'd be shocked. But she didn't use it in any of these ways. The thing had struck a nerve, somehow.

"That's a reasonable enough wish," I said, "on general principles. But why, particularly?"

"Did you see that silly story in the paper," she asked, "about how Gran was going to give it to me for a wedding present? It gave

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Mother a jolt, all right, when she read it yesterday at breakfast."

"She hadn't wanted it published, then?"

Judy stared. "Wanted it published? It was the first she'd heard of it. And—well, she didn't seem quite to know whether to believe me or not when I said I hadn't heard about it either. I told her it must be just a newspaper guess. She's always thought Grandmother ought to give it to her. And of course she ought. I told Mother I didn't want it myself. If it was mine, the first thing I'd do with it would be to sell it. Heavens! Think of having a thing around your neck or on your dressing-table that was worth—how much? Fifty thousand dollars?"

"More like twice that, I suppose," I told her.

She shivered.

"Well, I tried to talk Mother out of it, but I couldn't. She wouldn't believe it was just a mare's nest, whether it was news to me or not. And she isn't really sure it was."

"What does your grandmother say about it?" I asked.

"Oh, I haven't seen her since I came down. Miss Digby won't let me in. I suppose this happens to be one of the times when Grandmother isn't—presentable."

I was rather aghast at that, and I dare say I showed it. Judy gave me an intent look, and went on:

"You knew that, didn't you? That she—takes something? Oh, I don't know what. Morphine, I suppose. Heaven knows, I don't blame her! I'd do it if I were in her fix. Hope she'll be all right for the wedding. Probably will be. I suppose old Digs is just tuning her up."

She didn't look like a child as she said that.

SUDDENLY she came over and sat down on the edge of my couch, took one of my hands and patted it.

"Do you want to hear all about the plans for the wedding—who the bridesmaids are and what they're going to wear; the sort of man I'm going to marry——"

"Tell me that," I broke in. "What's Bruce Applebury like?"

She considered silently before she answered. But there was nothing about her unsmiling young face to suggest the sort of reverie a young girl in love might be expected to fall into over such a question.

"I won't try it," she said at last. "It's too important a subject. You'll see him, anyhow, in a day or two. I'll bring him over and give you a look."

She wasn't quite willing to let it go at that, however.

"He's all right—abso*lute*ly."

The mispronunciation was meant humorously, or, rather, was meant to sound as if it were. But people with finely expressive voices like Judy's inevitably give themselves away. I stirred with an involuntary protest. It was an outrage, marrying her off like that—a girl of twenty—to a man she was not in love with.

She plunged into a detailed recital of the festivities, and never paused until she got up to go.

"So you see all the fun you're going to miss for having broken your poor old leg? Oh, but your nose would have been out of joint, anyway. You were to have given me away, you know. But it seems it's going to be Uncle Alec."

"Not Alexander Corbin!" I exclaimed. "Where in the world has he turned up from?"

"From the Philippines, where he's been all the time. Mother got a telegram Saturday from San Francisco. That was something of a jolt, too, I expect. You'll come over for the wedding itself, though, won't you, on Saturday afternoon—in a horse litter or a palanquin, or something?"

I told her I would.

In the doorway she paused for a comprehensive glance about the room. "It's a nice little room, isn't it?" she said. "And a nice little house. I've never been in here before."

She paused a moment, then went on: "The horridest thing in the world, I'm getting to think, is whitewash, and it's going to be thick over at The Oaks this week. I'm going to be coated with it. Come out looking like a nice little plaster angel. Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to poison your nurse, or something, and come down here and take care of you—for the rest of this week."

"And not get married at all?" I asked.

"They used to do that by proxy sometimes, didn't they? I should think that would be a good way to do it. Good-by. I suppose Punch left his bicycle around here somewhere."

I tried, after she'd gone, to make myself believe that there was nothing to this but the modern young girl's dread of seeming to be the conventional blushing bride, but I couldn't manage it. On the contrary, my mind was full of forebodings.

II

PUNCH'S sense of duty condemned him to a rather dull day. He ate a solitary lunch, for his mother hadn't returned from town and Judy was apparently making a day of it with his bicycle. He spent several uneventful hours wandering over the house, watching workmen and servants going about their duty, but without detecting anything that looked suspicious. Of course he couldn't be everywhere at once.

The Oaks is an enormous house; old, as such matters are reckoned in this part of the world. It was built about fifty years ago, of dark red brick, with Gothic trimmings in wood, three stories high, with a nervous-looking high-peaked roof on top of that.

Structurally it hasn't been altered very much, save for additional bathrooms, the installation of electric lights, and an elaborate system of burglar alarms. The place is a regular fort. One incongruous innovation — namely: an elevator—was necessitated by old Mrs. Corbin's illness. She might, of course, have moved down to rooms on the ground floor, but she wasn't willing to do that. She said she'd lived in those rooms ever since she came to the house as a bride, and she was going to die in them.

She'd have found it unendurable, too, no doubt, to give up the possibility of visiting any room in her house; seeing to it that the housemaids did their duty.

It abounded, of course, in odd, unused, and half-forgotten nooks and crannies. On a rainy day Punch found endless enjoyment in exploring these, and he probably knew more about the house, little of his life as he had spent in it, than anybody else, his grandmother included.

The old lady appeared for the first time that day about four o'clock. She impressed Punch as unusually bright and in the main good humored, although her dismissal of poor Miss Digby at sight of him was brusque, and her comments on his mother's continued absence decidedly caustic. She put Punch in charge of her wheel chair and elected to make a tour of the house, to see how things were going. There still were workmen on every floor, but it began to look as if they were going to finish in time.

From the wheel chair she allotted the rooms for her expected guests, from memory. Although she forgot some of them, and her plans had to be heavily revised, it struck the boy as a remarkable evidence, not only of her disposition to run things, but of her ability to do so. His mother wouldn't have been capable of it, he felt pretty sure. But she'd never have tried to do it without a list.

THE outline of the scheme was simple enough. The unmarried men, groom, best man, ushers, and odd relations, such as Punch's mysterious Uncle Alec, were to have the top floor. Punch's own quarters were up there.

The middle of this story was a billiard-room. It was surrounded by a regular rabbit warren of bedrooms, and the only daylight it got came from a big window on the landing of the stairs.

Married couples, maiden aunts, bridesmaids, and so on, had their rooms on floors below.

Punch found all these decisions and indecisions rather stupid—his thoughts remained on the necklace—and when the tour of inspection was finally finished and his grandmother returned to her own sitting-room, he tactfully brought up the subject by asking her how old she supposed the safe was, and whether his grandfather had bought it. It was a rather big, old-fashioned affair of cast iron, lacquered, and with a picture of a startled stag painted on the door—one of the first works of art that Punch had ever admired.

"Yes, your grandfather bought it," the old lady admitted. "And it's a good safe, too. They don't make things as well as that nowadays."

"Perhaps not," Punch agreed. "But I think they make them harder to break into. I read in a magazine a while ago that any safe more than ten years old might just as well be left unlocked as far as burglars were concerned."

"Well, I don't leave this one unlocked," his grandmother said grimly, "burglars or no. What are you getting at, you young rascal? Still thinking about that necklace?"

Punch admitted that he was.

"Like a look at it?" she asked.

Would he!

He darted over to the safe. "Let me unlock it, Gran," he pleaded. "Tell me the combination. See if I can do it."

"You let it alone," she ordered. "I'll do it myself."

She began wheeling her chair across the room. But the next moment Punch had turned the handle and pulled the great door open.

"Why, Gran," he cried, horrified, "it wasn't locked!"

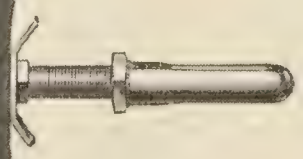
The pearls, like all the other contents of the irregularly shelved, cubby-holed place, were safe, all right, and as soon as this had been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

DUNLOP

Every DUNLOP TUBE *is casing-shaped*

The great Dunlop Works at Buffalo, N. Y. have NEVER built a single tube that was not CASING-SHAPED . . . . . .



INFLATE the next Dunlop Tube you buy before placing it in the tire casing. Run your fingers along the inner surface.

No ripples or wrinkles as in ordinary tubes.

The smooth surface is the reason Dunlop Tubes fit so snugly and are less likely to pinch in fitting. Dunlop Tubes are cured in the same shape as the casing for which they are designed.

See the natural position of the Dunlop Tube valve. The stem easily slips through the rim hole. No forcing needed. No strain when in service.

Dunlop Tubes are as perfect in their way as Dunlop Tires.

DUNLOP TUBES

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

discovered to be a fact, the old lady tried hard to convince her grandson that she had known that it was unlocked all the time. But he knew that for a minute she had been absolutely incapacitated by terror, and the look in her withered old face was one that he didn't like to remember. She had simply forgotten to lock the safe the last time she'd gone to it. She was too badly shaken to do anything for herself. Even after he'd found the long morocco-covered box in the place she'd indicated, she was too weak to press the spring that released the lid.

Punch found the pearls rather disappointing. They were beautiful, of course—big and round and handsome, and rather nice to touch. But as anything to commit a crime for, or to pay a fortune for, he couldn't see it.

He was too polite to express these opinions to his grandmother, who, he perceived, was deeply moved by the sight of them.

SHE told him a long history of the necklace—the occasion of his grandfather's buying it, and the admiration it had excited on various historic occasions.

"Are you really going to give it to Judy?" he asked.

"What's that about Judy?" she demanded.

She wasn't deaf a bit, he was sure, but she often asked to have things repeated. His theory of this was that it gave her more time to decide what she wanted to say.

"It was in the paper yesterday," he explained, "that you were going to give the necklace to Judy for a wedding present."

He extricated from his pocket the same damp wad of paper he had offered for my inspection that morning. She didn't pretend to read it, though. Her vision wasn't nearly so good as her hearing, and without her spectacles, which she hated to wear, she couldn't read at all.

"So they had it in the paper, did they?" she remarked. "Well, it's an amazing thing how much these newspaper reporters know. What has Judy got to say about it?"

"She hasn't said anything to me," Punch told her.

"How about your mother? I dare say she had some ideas on the subject."

"I haven't seen mother," Punch pointed out to her, "since she went to town with Judy last week. But what I thought was that as long as it did come out in the paper, it would be better to hide these where no one would think of looking for them, instead of leaving them in the safe, which is the first place anyone would look. Especially while there are so many people we don't know around the house. I know I could hide them, Gran, where they'd be safe."

He had an idea that she was considering the proposal favorably. At any rate she didn't at once decline it. But in the middle of the silence there came a light tap on the door.

Punch admits that he jumped a little himself, for they hadn't heard any footsteps. His grandmother started violently, then called, "Who's there?"

"It's Victoria," Punch heard his mother say. "May I come in?"

He thought his grandmother made a move to put the pearls back in the safe, but she changed her mind and answered rather sharply:

"Yes, of course. Come in."

He thought the sight of the pearls surprised his mother.

"Letting Punch have a gloat over them, are you?" she said. "I've had a frightful ride out from town. That's a beastly train. I suppose," she went on, reverting to the necklace, "that you've heard what was in the paper? They say you're going to give them to Judy for a wedding present."

"So Punch has just been telling me," his grandmother remarked dryly.

She didn't add anything to that, and Punch looked over at his mother. He got the queer impression that she was holding her breath. She seemed awfully tired and worried, anyway.

"Well," she said at last, "I suppose that sort of irresponsibility is what we have to expect from the papers. Unless," she went on jerkily, after another pause, "this happens to be the truth."

"I can make it the truth if I like," the old woman said.

"Yes, of course," his mother remarked; "no one questions that."

Punch was getting uncomfortable. It's horribly embarrassing to children to be present when their elders quarrel, and of course he was sensitive enough to feel electricity in the air. Presently he brought the lightning down upon himself.

"Well, they can't be given to Judy if they're stolen by a burglar first," he pointed out. "Won't you let me have them, Gran, to hide for you?"

Old Mrs. Corbin turned upon him furiously. "No, I will not! And I won't be nagged to death about them, either, by you or by anyone else."

She whipped around on her daughter-in-law.

"Why shouldn't I give them to Judy?" she demanded. "She's my own granddaughter, isn't she?"

"Judy says she doesn't want them—" his mother began.

But his grandmother pounced upon her again.

"You've been trying to talk her out of it, have you? So that you could get them for yourself? Well, that settles it. She shall have them, whether she wants them or not. And once she's married you'll find her husband will have something to say about what she does with them. I won't hear another word about them. Ring for Miss Digby, Punch."

THE old lady wheeled her invalid chair forward and restored the pearls to the safe.

Then, while the others watched, she herself tugged shut, with a good deal of trouble, the big iron door, waving off the proffered assistance of Victoria and Punch, and spun the combination knob.

"Don't try to tell me I don't keep this locked," she said to the boy, looking up at him defiantly, though he had not uttered a word.

The thing that seemed to be puzzling Punch, when he reported the scene to me, was that his grandmother had suddenly and inexplicably changed her mind about confiding the string of pearls to him.

"I think she really meant to let me hide them," he said. "Anyhow, she didn't get mad when I suggested it the first time. But the second time it was different, and she pretty near blew me out of the room."

I didn't offer the boy the upshot of my own speculations, which was that a sudden suspicion had sprung up in the old woman's mind that her grandson was in league with his mother, and that the original suggestion, that he be given the pearls to hide, had come from her.

If the truth must be told, I found myself headed for the conclusion that Victoria was in shoal water. There was something incomprehensible about her attitude toward the pearls. The situation seemed to me to be loaded with dynamite, and an explosion not far distant.

I thought of the boy's words: "There's going to be big trouble, I bet, before this business is over."

Punch was right in his prediction of "big trouble." But no one realized just how big this trouble was fated to be. For a crisis involving the destinies of all the people in this story, read next week's absorbing installment.

NEXT WEEK

"Aunt Jane"— The Old Lady from Hell

The story of Tia Juana—the sinister playground across the border, where black sheep take refuge and white sheep go astray—an amazing revelation by GEORGE SHAFFER.

Also

As Easy as Kiss-Me-Hand

By SOPHIE KERR

—a delightful short story

The Broken Pledge

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

—a thrilling tale of adventure

Lighting the Stars

By DAVID BELASCO

—some secrets of stage beauty

Walter Johnson's Fan Mail

By MRS. WALTER JOHNSON

—close-ups of the great pitcher

Read these and many other fascinating features in

Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

In Keeping With Champions—The New Sherman

GRANTLAND RICE

I HAD known the old Hotel Sherman as a comfortable, home-like hotel, famous for warmth of welcome and that alert service which sportsmen the world over like. I had heard from men who play polo and golf and tennis, make football rules, climb mountains, plan regattas, that the New Hotel Sherman had many advantages over the old. Naturally I wanted to see for myself.

GRANTLAND RICE

I found so many varieties of comfort, divertisement, entertainment, art and service at the New Hotel Sherman that on one occasion I asked the elevator operator to take me up to the country club. And when we arrived at the roof with its outdoor arrangements I felt that he had carried out the request. As Chicago is the center of champion affairs in sport, it is a great thing to know that such exceptional headquarters as the New Hotel Sherman is waiting.

Grantland Rice

1700 Rooms, each with bath. So distributed that 75% are at the Hotel Sherman's minimum rates—
$3.00-$5.00.
No waiting for room assignment, under all ordinary circumstances.

"Rooms at Once" Policy

THE NEW HOTEL SHERMAN has been highly praised by many patrons—for its cuisine, for its comfortable and immaculate rooms, for its prompt and unobtrusive service, for its magnificent convention facilities, for its reasonable rates. But one compliment is on everyone's lips, "We like your policy of rooms at once—without delay!" The policy of *immediate room assignment* under all ordinary circumstances has made a tremendous impression on the travelling public. It is possible by providing plenty of comfortable, moderate-priced rooms kept always in readiness.

Among popular features of the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN are plenty of high speed elevators, an entrance giving direct access to lifts and desks, a floor with extra long beds for tall guests, a floor exclusively for women, a housekeeper on every floor, new large sample rooms.

The famous "House on the Roof"

"The House on the Roof," a magnificently furnished eight-room Georgian dwelling above the twenty third floor, is known the world over as Chicago's White House and is the abode of distinguished guests while in Chicago. It was formally opened with a reception by President and Mrs. Coolidge

Far-Famed Restaurants

THE NEW HOTEL SHERMAN is the home of Chicago's four best-liked restaurants. *The Old Town Coffee Room*, serves HOTEL SHERMAN food at coffee shop prices. *The College Inn* is known internationally for its cuisine and patronage by notables. *The Bal Tabarin*, the world's most beautiful supper club, is the rendezvous for the smart set on Saturday nights. *The Celtic Restaurant* has comfortable appointments for busy business men.

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN with a Grand Banquet Hall seating 2,500, a huge exposition hall, and an enlarged mezzanine floor offers convention and exposition facilities not found in any other Chicago hotel—more than one and one-half acres of exhibition floor space in the heart of the loop.

JOSEPH BYFIELD, *President*

FRANK W. BERING,
Vice-President and Managing Director

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The MYSTERY of the Strangled OSTRICH

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

A Scientific Report on the Most Amazing Story of the Year

By Norman S. Hall

SOME time during the night of April 8 of this year, the Governor, a giant male ostrich, was strangled in his pen in the Camel House at the Franklin Park Zoo, on the outskirts of Boston.

The first report of this event, flashed to the newspapers of the world, became the signal for a veritable writers' orgy. Editors assigned their best feature men to inject "color" into the story. Humorists were called in to polish up their best jokes for the occasion. Cartoonists made comic sketches by the score. Editorial writers and column conductors produced yards of fabricated comment and gibe.

But in all this riot of words and imagination everybody overlooked the real story. They were painting the lily and gilding refined gold—for the bare facts of this unique episode are more amazing than any inspired fiction.

The present article is written to make sure that the truth, in so far as it can be traced, about the Boston Ostrich Murder shall be preserved for posterity.

It is the result of a painstaking sift-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Divide your face in half

Let your own face decide this test

Money back if not satisfied with Mennen Shaving Cream

Millions of men know that Mennen's takes the fight out of the wiriest set of whiskers. The razor swishes through in record time. No pull or scrape. It's a quick, clean shave that *stays shaved* all day long. And I don't mean *maybe*....But I want *you* to let your *own* face decide. So here's the proposition:

Tomorrow morning, lather one side of your face with the cream, stick or soap you're using now. Rinse off the brush. Lather up on the other side with Mennen Shaving Cream. Then *shave*.

If you can't feel the difference instantly—if you don't find that on the Mennen side you've got the cleanest, quickest, most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life—why send back the used Mennen tube and I'll refund your money, with postage.

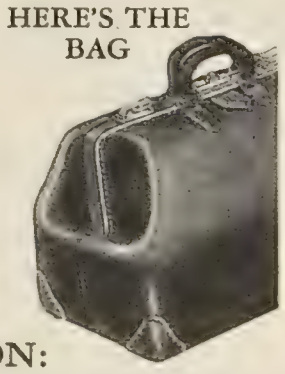
By the way, Mennen Skin Balm is the finest after-shaving treat ever invented. You ought to give it a try. A little squeeze gives you a wonderful, tingly, cool freshness. Tones up skin—removes face shine. Astringent—reduces pores. Greaseless, absorbed in half a minute. Comes in big *tubes*. Nothing to break or spill. 50c. And, of course, don't forget we make Mennen Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

*Here's another chance to win a magnificent $50 Traveling Bag**

Send an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. The most interesting answer wins the bag. Contest closes July 17. I am the judge. Watch for next contest in an early issue. *You don't have to go out and buy any Mennen product in order to enter this contest.

HERE'S THE BAG



THE QUESTION:

What do you find the best after-shaving *preparation and* why?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 381 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

THE MYSTERY OF THE STRANGLED OSTRICH
Continued from Page Twenty-one

ing of all reports, records, court testimony, and the evidence of experts. Here are the known facts, in detail, as they occurred:

WHEN John Meehan, night watchman at the Zoo, entered the Camel House on his first round early in the morning of April 9, he found an axis deer running at large in the public corridor. The deer was obviously frightened and cowered away from him.

Meehan knew that, after the feeding hour the previous night, the deer had been locked in his pen in one corner of the house. The pen is twelve feet wide, about fifteen feet long, and is surrounded by a stout partition six feet high. The deer evidently had hurdled this partition from practically a standing start.

Meehan inspected the other animals. The camels and a sacred Indian zebu, occupying larger quarters on the opposite side of the building, regarded him placidly; but a baby llama in a small pen near the door exhibited signs of unusual excitement.

Beyond the llama's pen are the two ostrich cages, each seven by fourteen feet. In these were kept the Governor and his mate, the Lady.

Meehan, entering the Governor's cage, was astounded to find the huge bird lying dead on the floor. A hasty inspection of the walls disclosed patches of feathers adhering to the boards and a slight smear of blood on one stanchion. The shavings that carpeted the floor had been trampled and kicked about, as if in some terrible struggle. In one corner, partly concealed by the shavings, lay a man's overcoat.

Meehan tucked the garment under his arm and sped with the news to the residence of Curator Daniel Harkins.

The Curator returned with Meehan, and, after a thorough examination of the ostrich, concluded that the bird had met his death at human hands. There were bruises on the Governor's long neck such as would have been made by the fingers of a strangler.

Alarmed for the safety of the other animals in his charge, the Curator notified the police of West Roxbury, who sent detectives to the scene of the killing.

The detectives examined the premises with extreme care. They learned that the public entrance to the Camel House had been locked and that there was no evidence of entry by force. There are no windows in the front of the building through which a marauder might climb.

Daniel Harkins, Curator of the Franklin Park Zoo, Boston.

The only other entrances are the doors opening from the pens into the high wire inclosures where the animals take their outdoor exercise. These doors are never locked.

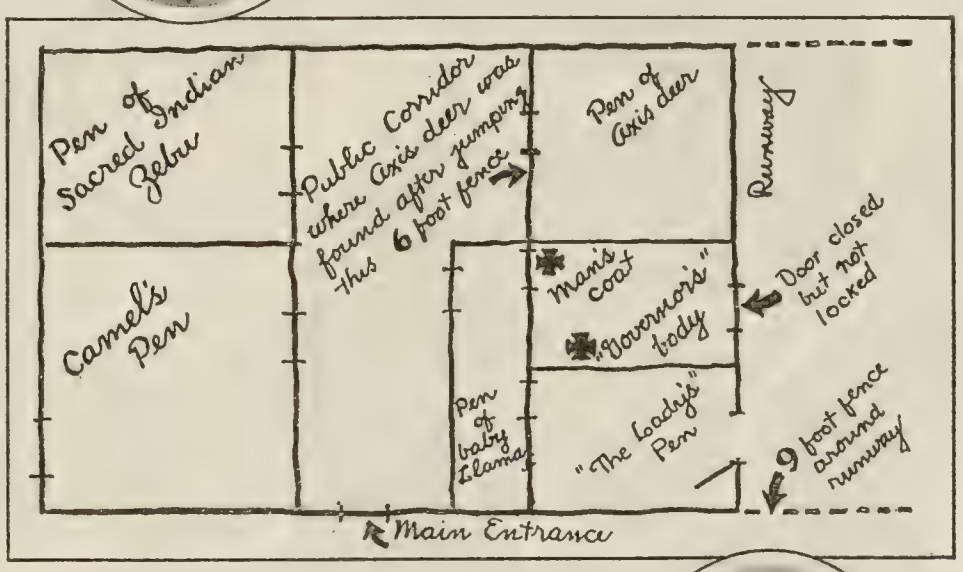


Diagram of the Camel House, indicating the conditions found the morning after the "Governor" was killed.

The detectives asserted that the slayer of the ostrich had climbed the nine-foot inclosure and entered the pen through the runway door. But their careful, strand-by-strand inspection of the wire failed to reveal any trace of his passage.

The overcoat found in the Governor's cage bore no identification marks; nor could anything be made of some scribbled cards raked out from the floor shavings. Frowning their puzzlement, the detectives retired to the police station.

The first step toward solving the mystery was taken by Patrolman George Gibbs of the West Roxbury station. Learning of the Governor's death through his daily newspaper, he sought his precinct commander.

"I think I know who killed that ostrich," he said.

"What makes you think so?" asked the Captain.

"You know," said Gibbs, "where I was doing traffic the night this happened is only about half a mile from the Camel House. Well, about eleven o'clock I saw a fellow come running out of the park. He didn't look right, so I yelled at him.

"His hat was gone, there was a cut on his face, and his clothes were mussed up. He seemed pretty drunk to me, and I questioned him about it. He said he was William C. McIntyre of No. 1937 Columbus Avenue, Roxbury. He admitted having a lot to drink and said he could dimly remember being in a fight.

"I held this fellow for fifteen or twenty minutes to see if anyone was chasing him up, then I let him go home."

Gibbs added that he had followed McIntyre to check up on the address and found it correct.

The precinct commander assigned Sergeant Ryan and Patrolmen Gibbs and Graham to arrest McIntyre. They found him in bed. He was so severely bruised and battered as to be almost unable to walk. Sergeant Ryan informed him he was under arrest for the murder of an ostrich.

Sergeant Ryan and Patrolman Gibbs said he seemed somewhat surprised, but not so astonished as an innocent man would have been in the circumstances. Though he found walking painful, he willingly dressed himself and accompanied the policemen to the West Roxbury Court, where he was arraigned before Judge John Perrins.

William C. McIntyre, the man who strangled the giant ostrich.

THERE he was formally charged with the death of the Governor, attempted burglary, and trespassing. To the information he had previously given Patrolman Gibbs he added that he was twenty-seven years old and a patent-leather worker. He entered a plea of guilty and, under the questioning of Judge Perrins, told his story.

"I got drunk in the afternoon and early evening of April eighth," he said frankly. "I didn't want to alarm my mother by going home in that condition. I thought I'd go somewhere and sleep for a couple of hours."

In some way that was not quite clear to him, he came to the Camel House in Franklin Park Zoo. He did not remember climbing the high fence nor any of the other details of his entrance to the Governor's pen.

He told Judge Perrins he dimly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

MISS ELINOR PATTERSON *is the beautiful young daughter of* MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, *one of Chicago's most distinguished families. She is a great-granddaughter of the late Joseph Medill and is closely connected with the McCormick family. After a brilliant début in Chicago society, she realized her ambition to go on the stage when offered the part of "The Nun," shown in the oval, in the famous Reinhardt-Gest spectacle, "The Miracle," which has been touring the West.*

MISS ELINOR PATTERSON *daughter of* Mr. *and* Mrs. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

tells how a doubly taxed skin can best be cared for

A DÉBUT as gay as a burst of jazz! Teas, balls, the opera! Heavenly for a year, but like a perpetual diet of whipped cream! So after a season I turned to something more substantial—the theatre! You know what that means—just when one is slaving one's hardest one has to appear one's best! For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life and which must be kept clear and free from weariness, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

Elinor Patterson

ELINOR PATTERSON is an artist born. With a background of wealth, position and aristocratic family traditions, all the tendencies of her life have been to accent her beauty and feminine charm in a purely social way.

But with determination almost paradoxical in a body of such fragile and exquisite blonde beauty she turned her steps from the too-easy path of social success and directed them to the often stony road that leads to stardom in the theatre. Her fiery ambition made her progress swift.

After one short year of gruelling toil and study she was chosen by Morris Gest to play the part of "The Nun; Megildis" in the gorgeous pageant spectacle, "The Miracle." She plays it with soaring inspiration which marks the true dramatic gift.

But however far her art may carry her, Elinor Patterson will never be just an actress. Wherever she goes she is drawn into social life. Her charm and beauty and her family's prestige make this inevitable. So she has to be doubly prepared to appear before the world —the world which sees her across the footlights, the no less critical world which sees her on the ballroom floor.

THE TWO CREAMS *the younger set is using*

HER lovely skin with its rare petal texture, its flush of unfolding youth, its transparent delicacy, in spite of the double strain put upon it, must be kept in all its present perishable loveliness—imperishable!

Like many of the loveliest girls of Chicago's younger set, Miss Patterson believes this end can be achieved by the following daily use of Pond's Two Creams:

For cleansing your delicate skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly. Do this before retiring and during the day whenever your skin needs cleansing, particularly after exposure to the weather, dust and soot. Leave it on a few moments. Wipe off with a soft cloth or tissue, repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, after the bedtime cleansing add more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it on until morning.

For a delicate, even finish, a firm powder base and a sure protection against dirt and the weather, use Pond's Vanishing Cream after every daytime cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth just a tiny bit of it over your skin. It gives you an even, smooth surface, a soft glowing tone and protects you so well when you go out. See, too, how smoothly and evenly your powder clings as you whisk it on, and how long it will last. Buy and use these Two famous Creams yourself.

Free Offer *Mail this coupon for trial tubes of these Two Creams and folder of instructions for using.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
155 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams and folder of instructions.

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Hereafter AJAX SIX will be known as the NASH Light Six

Important!

The phenomenal success of the Ajax Six and the great size the business has attained in less than a year, with well over $27,000,000 worth of cars already shipped, has made advisable a closer consolidation of Nash and Ajax manufacturing operations.

With this in view the Ajax Motors Company, till now a subsidiary of The Nash Motors Company, has been entirely absorbed by the parent Company.

And in accordance with this procedure the name of the product, Ajax Six, is herewith changed to Nash Light Six.

So that Nash models are now available in 3 Series — *differing as to wheelbase but identical in their high standards of workmanship*—

—the *NEW* Light Six series (*formerly the Ajax Six*); the Special Six series; and Advanced Six series;—embracing 16 different models with a price range from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory.

This announcement of the change in name from Ajax Six to Nash Light Six also marks the greatest five-month period of business in Nash history.

The upward soaring demand during January, February, March, April and May drove total sales and production to a figure approximating 70% of the total sales for the whole of last year.

(3539)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

recalled being in a very dark place and removing his overcoat to serve as a pillow, when he was struck a sharp blow in the face that opened a shallow gash.

He remembered crying out to his assailant in an effort to establish peace, but instead of receiving an answer was dealt a powerful blow on the chest that knocked him down.

HAZILY he recalled getting to his feet and striking back. He fell naturally into a fighting pose, he said, because he once was an amateur pugilist. McIntyre thought he was being attacked by a man much larger than himself, and, realizing that he did not know where the exit was, determined to fight it out. He remembered being struck again and again, until he felt something hairy brush past his face. Believing it to be the arm of his adversary, he grasped it.

He remembered being flung about the pen, striking the sides repeatedly, but he succeeded in maintaining and tightening his grip. How long he fought he did not know, but he remembers that he was struck again and again, the blows seeming to come from below. He recalled that the blows lessened gradually, then ceased entirely as his adversary slumped to the floor, dragging him along.

He did not remember entering or leaving the pen, scaling the fence, or meeting Gibbs.

"After you had arrived at the decision to sleep an hour or two, what is your next clear recollection?" asked the court.

"When I awoke in my bed at home the next day," replied McIntyre.

After hearing McIntyre's story and the testimony of Curator Harkins, of Meehan, and of the police officers, Judge Perrins continued the case for one week to consult legal authority. But a seven days' search of records and textbooks failed to reveal any precedents or statutes or decisions bearing on the killing of ostriches in zoos.

When the case was reconvened, McIntyre was fined twenty dollars and costs for trespassing. Judge Perrins found him not guilty of any criminal intent in the death of the Governor, and dismissed the attempted burglary charge, saying it was obvious that McIntyre had no intention of robbing the Camel House.

Curator Harkins informed the court that McIntyre's escape with his life was nothing short of miraculous. He pointed out that all male ostriches are surly and of disagreeable temperament. When enraged they become deadly dangerous, and the Governor, Curator Harkins said, was one of the most vicious birds he had ever known—so obstreperous and brutal, in fact, that it had been necessary to separate him from his mate.

The Governor was sixteen years old—the prime of an ostrich's life—and weighed 250 pounds.

"Why, he could fell a man with one well placed blow from his beak," Curator Harkins declared. "And with a single drive from one of his pistonlike legs would disembowel an antagonist.

"There is no other case like it in history. In every other instance of combat between an ostrich and an unarmed man, the ostrich has emerged the victor, in many cases killing his adversary. How this man, weighing but one hundred and twenty pounds and with his faculties dulled by liquor, could successfully combat this bird will forever remain a mystery.

"It is fortunate for Mr. McIntyre that he could not fully realize what was happening to him. Those terrible blows striking him out of the silent darkness and the feeling of that 'hairy arm'—which was, of course, the ostrich's neck—reaching out for him would have driven him mad with terror."

THAT is the story of the killing of the big ostrich. What actually transpired in that dark stall during the night of April 8 will never be known in its entirety. All the substantial facts have been set down here, leaving gaps of mystery no one can fill.

The story will, no doubt, become a legend. It will be amplified and embroidered on its way down from mouth to mouth. As always happens in such cases, future generations will see the size and weight of the slain ostrich gradually growing greater, while the size of his human conqueror diminishes. So-called picturesque details will be added and the great mystery "solved" again and again by later-day fakirs.

But nothing that can be added to or subtracted from the bare facts will improve the tale. In the interest of science, let it stand!

THE END

By courtesy of *The Boston Herald*

The Governor who was killed (right) and his mate, the Lady.

AS PURE AS IT IS DELICIOUS

. . . this marvelous rootbeer you can make at home from

HIRES HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

REAL rootbeer! Fresh, tingling and wholesome as a sea breeze. Rich and creamy. The drink the whole family likes best . . . and you can make it at home, without muss or fuss, from Hires Household Extract.

Costs less than a cent a glass

Unbelievably easy! No knack or skill required. No complicated recipes. Just follow the simple directions. You'll make the finest rootbeer you ever tasted, and it surely is economical, for a 25-cent package of Hires Household Extract makes 80 glasses!

Best of all, it protects you and your children from the flood of artificially colored, chemically flavored drinks. For Hires Household Extract is the pure essence of aromatic roots, herbs, barks and berries. Gathered from all over the world—blended to give rare, inimitable flavor—rich with the vitamins and healthful properties of the natural plant juices.

The happiest treat of all

Afternoons when sun beats down—evenings when heat lies heavy—or when folks just drop in, serve this delicious, sparkling drink. Get a package today and learn how very easy it is to make. Or if you prefer ginger ale, there's a Hires Household Extract for making it. Wholesome, delicious, and the same price. The Charles E. Hires Company, 208 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RADIO—Every Thursday, at 7:15, *Eastern Standard Time*, let Hires Harvesters carry you to Lands of Romance where the ingredients for Hires are gathered. Broadcasting from:

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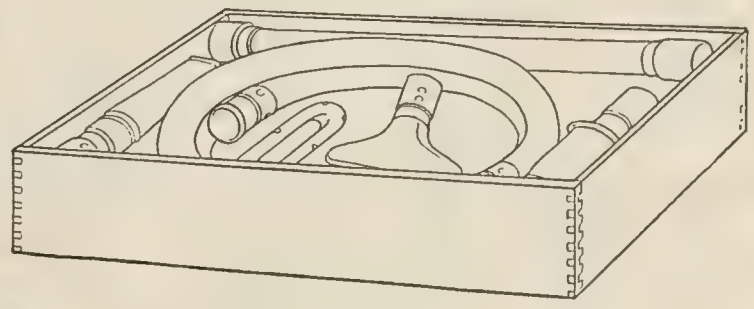

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Farewell to the Moon

The Love Affair of a Determined Young Man

A Short Story by

DANA BURNET

Pictures by W. B. KING

"I'M glad you spoke to me," murmured the young woman, with her back to the sea. "It's such a lovely morning. Do you happen to know my name?"

"I do," Wallace Stone answered promptly. "I looked at the card on your deck chair, and then at the passenger list. You're Miss Diantha Sheldon and maid."

To his complete astonishment, she put her hand on his arm and said: "You don't remember me at all, do you, Wallace? I recognized you the moment I saw you in the dining-saloon. And then, of course, *I* looked at the passenger list——"

"Tell me," he begged.

"Gramercy Park," replied the girl briefly. "When we were kids. I was Diantha Hopkins then. My mother married again. I took my stepfather's name. We went to live in France. Then the war broke out and we were marooned there for years. The first summer we were over there I sent you a picture post card."

"I do remember! That's why I've been so possessed-haunted! I mean I've felt all along that there was some special reason why I should speak to you. Look here, Diantha!" He paused, making a brief ceremony of her name; then they both laughed, and he went on: "Why didn't you speak to me if you knew who I was?"

"I really don't know," answered the girl. "I suppose it was because I hadn't quite the courage to go back— Let's just say that it was because I'm an engaged woman——"

"Engaged!" he exclaimed. "I feel cheated, somehow! Our meeting like this, and then to find out that you're engaged! It destroys the romantic premise. It's so damned final," he added—and was aware of a nagging sense of inadequacy.

"Why shouldn't it be final?" she asked. Her smile, he noticed, had grown faint. There was a mist in her eyes. "I'm twenty-five. At twenty-five the romantic premise becomes rather—ridiculous. I mean——"

"I think I know what you mean," he told her, after a pause. "When you were sixteen you looked at the moon. You decided definitely that you'd take it home with you. When you were twenty you inquired about the price, still with a view to purchase, as we say in the real-estate business. Then, when you were twenty-five, you found that you couldn't afford it. You found that only children, poets, and madmen have ever been able to afford it. So you looked at an engagement ring instead."

"What about my future?" she asked lightly.

"It's such a lovely morning. Do you happen to know my name?"

"I don't deal in futures; they're too risky."

"Mine isn't," she said. "I know now exactly what I'll be at forty—at sixty——"

"Don't boast," he warned.

"I'm not. It's true—and so comforting! You see, I spent most of the years when I was growing up in a—a special sort of atmosphere. A little village in southern France. My stepfather pretended to be an artist. He painted fields of flowers. They grow flowers for perfume down there, you know. As a matter of fact, he and my mother mistook Valais for Eden. I was alone a great deal."

She gave him a hazy, remote smile.

"I'm going back there for my honeymoon.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Spur Tie all tied for you

PAT. JUNE 13, '22; JAN. 29, '24; AUG. 26, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

50¢ and up

This form inside
means good form outside

ABOVE is a photograph of a Spur Tie. Part of the silk has been cut away and turned back to show you the H-shaped Innerform. Its position is indicated by a drawing on the surface of the other wing of the tie. This H-shaped Innerform will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle. It always keeps the shape you give it, for the H-shaped Innerform is just pliable enough to let you shape the Spur Tie to the form in which you like it best.

Always in good form— always keeps its good form

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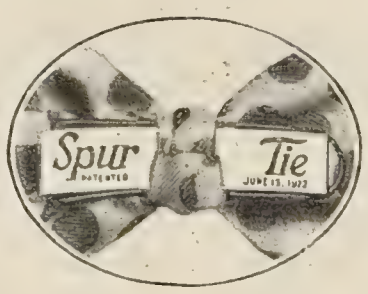

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

That's why I'm making this trip. You see, I was to have been married in New York next month—at St. Thomas'—very grandly. I'm marrying Henry Peale. He's a banker."

"You mean Peale of the Amalgamate National?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I've done business with his bank."

"Then you know," said Diantha simply, "what I mean when I say grandeur. You'd be impressed by it if you knew Henry. He has great magic. He's in Paris now, you see. So—I'm going over to marry him there. Because I want my honeymoon in Valais!" concluded Diantha, with a sharpness that was almost passion.

"Couldn't you have had it if you'd been married in New York?" Wallace asked.

"We had planned to go to France," she answered, nodding. "Henry promised. But he had to take this trip beforehand. There was some important conference he had to attend—something about an international loan. Then—last week—I had a letter from him saying that I'd have to change my plans; that for business reasons he'd decided to go to China—just imagine! to China!—and that he'd take me with him. We were to start, he said, directly after the wedding. So I just packed up and came. I know Henry will understand when I've explained it to him."

"Look here, Diantha! I want to meet your young man—your Henry Peale."

"My young man," she repeated, amused; then: "I don't see why not. If you're going to be in Paris——"

"I'm going to be wherever I want to be." It was her turn to be interested.

"That sounds nice," said she. "Are you just wandering?"

"Just wandering. No business. I've sold out," he told her. "Got enough to live on—the way I want to live. Travel a little, loaf around, see things I've never seen before. I've worked like hell for seven years—if you can call it work—ever since the Armistice."

"Wallace," said Diantha, her gaze on the horizon, "I think you and I might have been friends. I mean if we'd gone on growing up together. I like you; I can talk to you. That's nice, isn't it? I wish I *had* spoken to you—the first day out."

"There's one thing I don't understand," he pondered, "and that's how you happened to recognize me so easily. You said you knew me right away?"

She turned to him, laughing. "I don't feel like telling you at this particular moment."

"All right," said Wallace. "Let's walk."

THAT night he met her on deck; and by common impulse they drifted up forward and stood against the rail to look at the half-moon. Their shoulders almost touching, they experienced a sense of friendly isolation, of companionship in space.

"The sea," said Diantha, "is a special dispensation. It lets you go. It doesn't care. It's too vast to care."

"Go on talking," he said. "I like it. Somehow, it makes me remember you. I have a sort of picture of you standing under a bush or a tree. In Gramercy Park, I suppose?"

"The magnolia tree," said Diantha.

"It was in bloom! I remember!"

"You kissed me," she told him. "That's why I never forgot you. It was the first kiss that really impressed me. Because you said—afterward—that when you grew up you were going to marry me."

"Old stuff, eh?"

"It seemed strikingly original to me," said Diantha.

"Well, maybe I will yet," he remarked without moving, without raising his voice or looking at her.

She was surprised, but not in the least startled, to find herself rejecting his suggestion as illogical rather than as an offense against emotion.

Somehow, at the moment, emotion was not involved.

"Who was he?" asked Wallace suddenly.

"Who was who?"

"The man—the boy—the ghost you left in Valais?"

She was silent. Her silence became involved with the starry night, with faint moonlight trembling over the sea.

"He was a young English aviator who went back to his squadron and got killed," she said at last with a mysterious glibness.

"OH! So it *is* a ghost who waits. Will your Henry understand that?"

"I—hope so. Anyway, it doesn't matter. I've only to say good-by, and I can say that alone. All I ask of Henry is that he take me to Valais."

"Diantha——"

"Yes?"

"I love you!"

Neither moved; but she was aware for the first time that their shoulders were touching.

"Don't, Wallace. Please don't!"

"Will you give me one chance, after I've met Henry, before you marry him, to let me see you alone?"

"Why?"

"To try to get you away from him. I'd try now if I thought it would do any good. But I can't fight a man who's over the horizon."

She cried angrily: "I'm not going to promise you anything. Besides, it's just occurred to me that you're stark, staring mad!"

"All right," he answered, unmoved. "Then I'm mad."

"But you'll dine with us," she said in the next breath. "And Henry'll be nice to you—very polite and cordial—because you're such an old friend. Good night! I'm going to bed now."

"Good night, Diantha."

"I DON'T know what I'm saying," she whispered in anguish. "I only know that—somehow—I'm beaten, defeated."

After she had gone he stood leaning against the rail, thinking, not of Henry Peale, but of the young English aviator whose ghost was waiting on a hill in Valais for Diantha.

WALLACE had been in Paris three days when Diantha telephoned him. He had given her his address.

She said over the telephone:

"Can you dine with us tonight? At eight? Just you and Henry and I?"

"Yes, of course. Delighted. But—Diantha! Tell me! Are you married?"

"No."

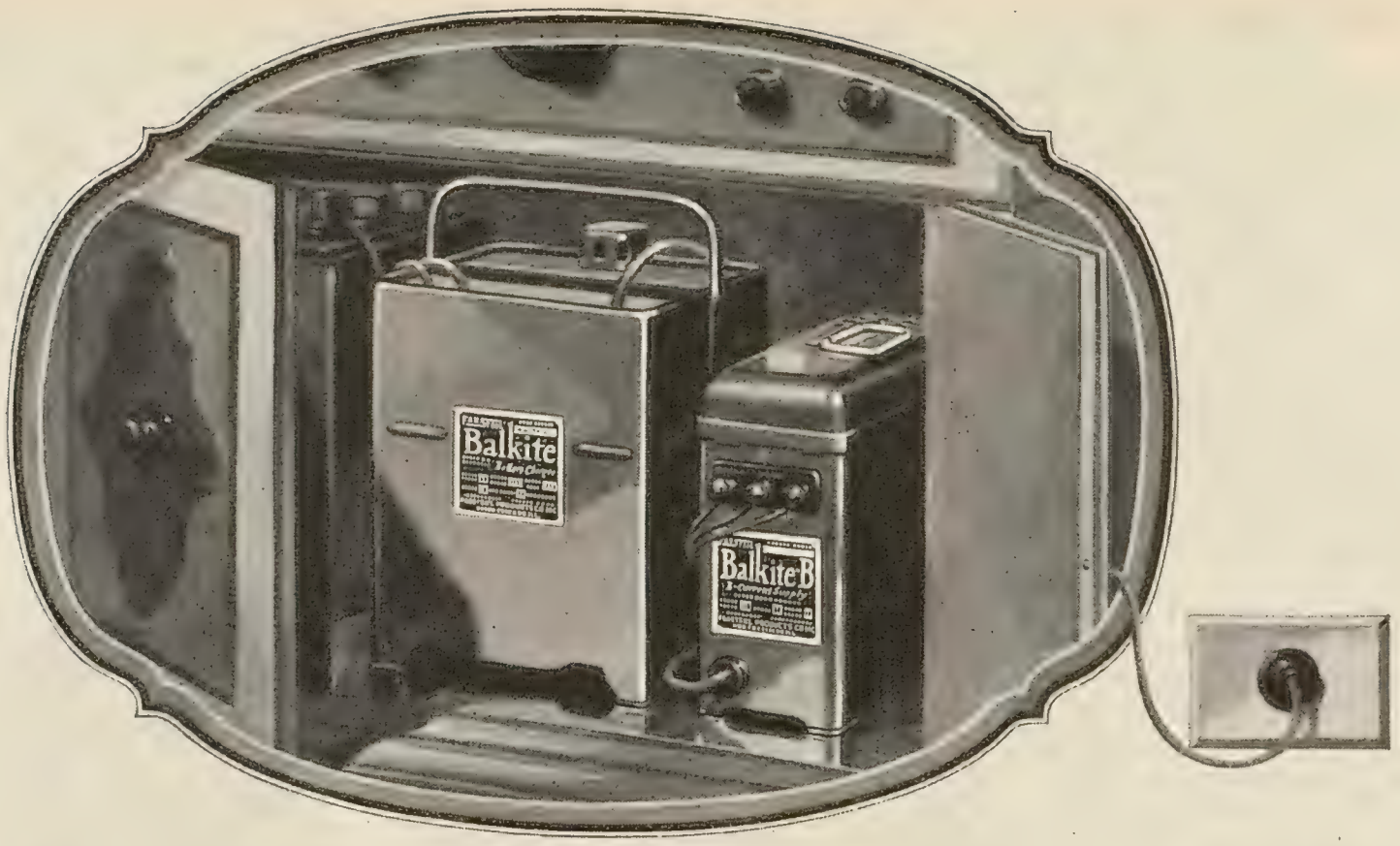
There was something in her tone that whetted his curiosity to a fine edge.

"What's happened? Anything wrong?"

"You sound as if you hoped there was!" returned Diantha.

"If I do, you know why."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]



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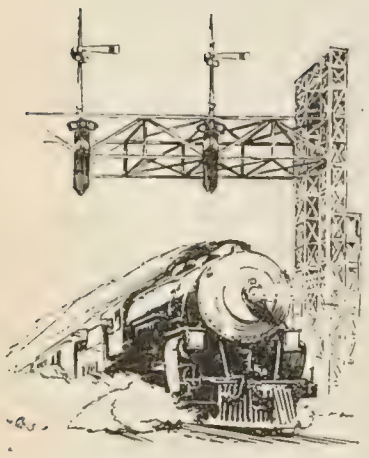

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

"Wallace, are you still insane?"

"Yes, I am. Diantha, *will* you tell me what's happened?"

"Tonight, my dear. Come a little early for cocktails, though it doesn't matter. Ask for Henry's apartment. 'By."

Henry Peale was, without exception, the most solidly self-assured man that Wallace had ever met.

A rather short, stocky man with crisp blond hair and a disciplined mustache, straight mouth, slightly convex nose, and bland blue eyes, he was an American variation of Napoleon in a dinner coat.

"Mr. Stone! How do you do? Very good of you to come. Diantha's been telling me about you——"

"I told Henry," said Diantha, fitting a cigarette into an ivory holder, "that I was in love with you when I was nine."

"Did you?" said Wallace noncommittally.

He had still to feel out his adversary's strength, the power that Diantha had said was like magic. It was going to be a subtle business, because there was no hostility in Peale's manner. There was only a kind of inviolable superiority.

DIANTHA'S beauty was disturbing. She was wearing a white-and-gold evening dress that eluded description, just as the curves of her young body eluded definition beneath it.

Peale was thanking him, gracefully, for seeing Diantha through the customs at Cherbourg:

"Of course, if I'd known she was coming——"

"But I wasn't scolded," said Diantha, lazily blowing cigarette smoke.

"Scolded?" repeated her fiance, with a half-smile.

She laughed.

"Well, I shouldn't have blamed you. After all, it must have been rather a shock."

Then, turning to Wallace, she explained:

"Henry's a realist. He never wastes time in wonder. He knew, the moment he saw me, that I'd just run over to Paris to complete my trousseau."

"What!" blurted out Wallace. "Do you mean to say——"

"The press," interrupted Henry, with fine impersonality, "must be taken into consideration. The newspapers have discovered that Diantha is in Paris, and naturally they're interested in the reason."

"Anyone marrying Henry is news," put in Diantha frivolously.

Peale looked at her, and Wallace thought he noticed a shadow of annoyance on that bland, superior mask.

A servant brought in a tray of cocktails. Wallace was grateful for the liquor. It warmed him and eased the strain on his nerves. At last they were seated at the table in the dining-room of the banker's apartment.

"So you've come to Paris to do some shopping?" Wallace said to Diantha. "I was under the impression that you intended to be married here."

"Yes; that's what I told you," she answered, with a shrug.

"Diantha and I," said Peale, "are to be married next month, in New York."

"Then you've changed your plans?" suggested Wallace.

The other man answered: "On the contrary, Mr. Stone. We're sticking to them."

"Not quite," said Diantha.

"No, not quite," admitted Peale. Then, with a solid graciousness, he added: "I'm sorry about *that*, you know, Diantha."

"Wallace understands," she flung out, almost with disdain. "I told him what a sentimental fool I was—to want to go back to Valais on my honeymoon! I know it's impossible. Somehow, I've known all along that it would be. Didn't I tell you"—this to Wallace—"that Henry had his magic?"

"My what!" exclaimed her fiance, smiling.

Wallace said quickly: "Diantha described you to me—on the boat coming over—as a man for whom life arranged itself. I thought it rather a heroic description."

Peale looked at him; and Wallace, for the first time, felt the other's power directed fully against him. There was in that look a hard, calm pride that was neither challenge nor judgment, but an assertion of self that combined both.

"The impossibility of which I speak," he said, "is not in the least heroic. It's a matter of law."

"Yes; you see," said Diantha, sitting poised with a wine glass in her hand, "there's a law that foreigners can't be married in France till they've secured a legal residence. Henry would have to stay here thirty days before he could marry me. And he can stay only ten days longer, at the most. Then he must go back to New York, where we'll be married, and then to China, where he will buy me a golden Buddha whose golden belly I will stroke for luck."

"Diantha!"

"I'VE spilled wine on my dress." She smiled sorrowfully, and put down her glass. Her voice went on insistently, softly, dreamily: "So tomorrow at two I have a fitting at Fanchon's. That's to appease the press—you mustn't forget to announce it to the reporters, Henry! And afterward I'm going to Sainte-Chapelle, because that's what all the hurried tourists do. And day after tomorrow I'm going to London to buy a fat pig. I mean, I'm going to look at a motor car that Henry's promised me as an engagement present. And the day after *that* I'm sailing from Southampton on the Leviathan."

There was a silence. Diantha sat looking down at the wine stains on her silken bosom. Wallace was looking at her; and she knew, somehow, that he was happy. She also knew that he would be waiting for her tomorrow afternoon when she stepped into the tinted twilight of Sainte-Chapelle. Well! Perhaps she wouldn't go. It was all so futile!

She leaned toward Henry, smiling and reaching for his arm with a blind, groping hand. "You've bewitched me, Henry! You've charmed me with laws and timetables and ships that sail on schedule. And I thought we'd be in Valais for the full moon!"

Peale turned to Wallace with a suave smile. The latter was not, in the banker's eyes, important to the situation; but he was present, and therefore must be allowed no misconceptions.

"Imagine my position, Mr. Stone! Here I am, a business man, compelled by my responsibilities to move in certain prescribed directions. And in consequence I'm forced to deny Diantha something that she's had her heart set on——"

"A moonlight excursion to the scenes of my childhood!" sighed Diantha, with fragile mockery.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Auto-Intoxication

~self-poisoning takes from nearly everyone some part of health~ some part of vitality

AUTO-INTOXICATION is a direct result of the nervous, but physically inactive lives so many of us lead—lives crowded with things to do—but short on outdoor work—short on rest.

We ride in motors—we rarely walk.—We over-eat, we under-exercise. All too often, food remains within us for more than a span of twenty-four hours, fermenting, setting up the poisons which produce Auto-Intoxication.

And then the troubles start. Bad as these poisons are in bringing on lassitude, sudden fatigue and intestinal derangements, they have perhaps even a worse effect upon the central nervous system! For while they dull the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make their subject, man or woman, nervous and irritable.

* * * *

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication. For few of us live normally, few of us have hard outdoor work to do, few of us keep our bodies free from the poisons of waste.

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Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. By the mechanical action of water plus the eliminant effects of several salts in solution it induces prompt peristalsis. It is of great help, not alone in Auto-Intoxication itself, but in many other conditions where the first step is to cleanse the system safely of those bodily poisons which are at the root of so many of our troubles. It's a good rule to have a bottle in the house.

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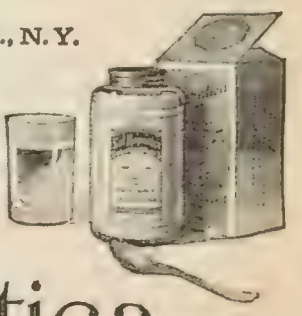

Sal Hepatica

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[FAREWELL TO THE MOON
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

"Why," said Wallace deliberately, "I thought it was more than that."

He had an irresistible impulse to brush away the mystery that hung, like a faint haze, over this polite table.

He looked steadily at Diantha.

"I understood, from what you told me on shipboard, that you wanted to introduce your husband to the ghost of his former rival."

"Rival!" Peale said. Then he laughed. "Oh, yes!" he admitted, patting Diantha's hand. "I know—that romantic young Russian artist!"

"M-m-m!" said Wallace reflectively. "So he was a Russian artist? I thought he was a young English aviator."

"What!" exclaimed Peale, startled; then to Diantha, "Were there two of them?" he demanded abruptly.

"Two of them?" she repeated. "Oh, no!" She shook her head slowly. "No. You see, he was really a young American moving-picture actor who was walking through southern France. He was rather beautiful—and blond. But not very strong. Delicate, you know. I think he died——"

SUDDENLY she pushed back her chair, gave a little choked cry, and rose. Her eyes were defiant. Her whole slender body was a defiance and a protest.

"I'm sorry," she said, with a breathless laugh. "I'm going to bed. I'm frightfully tired. And I've been a bad child, and bad children have to go to bed early. I've spilled wine on my dress and I've told lies. My head's splitting. Good night, Wallace."

"Good night, Diantha."

"Henry, you may see me to my room if you like, if you think it's—safe."

He said nothing, but stepped around to her side, took her arm, and led her quickly out of the room. Wallace lighted a cigarette and waited.

In a short time Peale came back. They stood facing each other across the small circular table.

"Diantha," said Peale gravely, "is ill. She has a headache."

"Look here, Peale! All this is—no good, you know. I love Diantha," said Wallace quietly. "I'm in love with her myself."

For a moment Henry Peale seemed stunned. Then he became the well bred, well trained, successful man of affairs.

"I admire your frankness, Stone. I trust you'll forgive me for being as frank. I can't see how that possibly matters to anyone but you——"

"You're very sure of yourself, aren't you, Peale?" interrupted Wallace, unconsciously thrusting forward a little.

The banker paused, choosing his tone, his expression.

"Yes, I'm quite sure of myself—I have reason to be."

"Then that's—all fair enough," said Wallace. "I wanted to tell you, simply for my own satisfaction, because I'm through pretending that life is a game—your sort of game, Peale! I apologize for taking advantage of your hospitality to speak my mind. But that can't be helped. I love Diantha. I'm going to take her away from you if I can. Good night."

"Good night, Stone. I admire your directness, though when you suggest that it's in bad taste, I agree with you. Good night again. My man will show you out."

For hours the next day Wallace haunted Sainte-Chapelle.

And there, at last, came Diantha.

"I never dreamed you'd come," he said.

"I had no intention of coming," she answered. "It was Henry who reminded me. He said: 'You're going to meet Wallace Stone in Sainte-Chapelle this afternoon and say good-by to him.'"

"Henry," said Wallace, "has a monumental conceit. Or else he's plunging on his luck. You don't love him, Diantha."

Her smile was gentle, almost tender; but there was a kind of desperation in her eyes.

"Why do you tear it all down?" she asked. "I'll only have to build it up again."

"You come a lot nearer to loving me. You do love me!"

"Yes, I think I do. I always have—a little—a great deal. I don't know! But, you see, I've been in love before. Who hasn't? And I will be again—no doubt. Love hurts, but what does it come to? It's outside the current, outside the scaffolding.

"I don't know what I'm saying," she whispered in anguish. "I only know that—somehow—I'm beaten, defeated. Love is a myth, a moonlit myth. I came to France to say good-by to the moon. And I'm being sent home, like a runaway schoolgirl, on board the Leviathan. Such a huge boat. One could never struggle against it! One could never struggle against a—a Leviathan!"

"Diantha, tell me this! You do love me?"

"I've loved you ever since I was nine. But that doesn't change things. How can it? It's buried so deep. It's so deep and—and fragile, and——"

"And beautiful," he said.

"Yes. But how can one use this beauty to fight a Leviathan?"

"I'LL show you how," he answered. "You go along, my dear—my darling! I'll show you how to get the best of a Leviathan."

All the rest of that day he remembered the pressure, the print of her hand in his. A memory that was in his hand. But the next day he was very busy. He went about briskly, making certain arrangements, getting a British visa for his passport, cashing express checks, and visiting the Paris office of the United States Steamship Line.

The following day he flew to London by airplane. This was, perhaps, an unnecessary extravagance, but he wanted to fly. He reached Southampton late in the afternoon. The Leviathan was sailing that night.

He went aboard early, sought out the Captain, and presented to him a letter from the agent in Paris—a young American who had been most sympathetic and friendly. After a brief interview with the Captain, Wallace went out and looped around the deck, taking care to avoid the current of embarking voyagers.

Then, five minutes before sailing time, he did exactly what he had planned to do. He walked forward till he came to the crowd standing near the boarding-plank. There, in the harsh light of much concentrated electric-

SUDDENLY she pushed back her chair, gave a little choked cry, and rose. Her eyes were defiant. Her whole slender body was a defiance and a protest.

ity, he found, as he had expected to find, Diantha and the great Henry. Also an older woman whom he recognized as Diantha's maid. "Miss Diantha Sheldon and maid," he thought absently; and went up to the little group and said quietly: "Hello—Diantha."

"Wallace!" she said, even before her eyes met his.

"What the devil!" cried Peale, whirling.

But Diantha instantly put her hand on his arm. To the maid she said:

"You'd better go see about the bags, Thompson."

The woman nodded and disappeared.

The two men looked at each other.

"By God!" said Peale, struggling for the self-composure that was his greatest resource.

"This is—this is melodrama! And damned bad melodrama, at that!"

Wallace laughed.

"I thought it was pretty good melodrama," he answered. "At least, I tried to make it so. I waited till almost the last minute. Isn't that the usual procedure?"

"Are you sailing on this ship?"

"I am."

DIANTHA said suddenly: "It's almost time. Look! People are going ashore."

"Diantha!" burst out Peale, coldly furious. "Did you know——"

"She did not," replied Wallace before Diantha could speak.

"Then there's only this to be said: You're engaged to me. You're wearing my ring. I shall expect you——"

At that moment the ship's whistle sounded hoarsely. It was brief and laconic, that deeply rumbling voice of the Leviathan. It had a kind of gigantic humor. But it was none the less implacable. It said plainly to all within hearing that life must be lived according to rule, that ships must sail on schedule, and that those who are going ashore must inevitably go ashore.

"Diantha! My ring! Remember, you're wearing my ring!"

The whistle blew a second time.

Henry Peale went ashore.

The great ship lounged majestically away from her pier.

SOME twenty-four hours later Mr. Henry Peale, having just returned to Paris, was dining alone in his apartment at the Crillon.

A servant appeared in the doorway and mumbled meaningless phrases. Then Diantha came in, smiling hesitantly, like a child who has been very bad and who has very much enjoyed it. Behind her, not smiling at all, stood Wallace Stone.

"I'm sorry, Henry," said Diantha. "But I —we—I've called about the ring. You see, I'm not engaged to you any more. I mean, I'm not—I mean, I'm married to Wallace."

"But you couldn't be!" cried Peale. He got up slowly, dazed, fumbling his napkin. "How could you——"

"We were married this morning on the Leviathan," said Wallace abruptly. "An American ship at sea is American territory. The Leviathan stops to take on passengers at Cherbourg, you know. We got off there, came ashore in the lighter, and caught the Paris express."

"Cherbourg!" exclaimed Henry. "The Leviathan stops at Cherbourg! Why didn't I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now the Stabilized BALLOON!

NOW the same engineers who developed the pioneer low air pressure tire—the Dayton Thorobred Cord—have developed another equally revolutionary tire. It is the Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon—a balloon that gives you the smoothness of motion, strength, safety, comfort, ease of steering, and long mileage of stabilized construction. See for yourself what stabilized construction means. See how the tire is built.

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THE DAYTON RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Stabilized BALLOONS

[FAREWELL TO THE MOON Continued from Page Thirty-three]

think of that on board last night?"

"Please," said Diantha, at a complete loss, "what do we—I mean, what does one do about a ring that one isn't wearing any more?"

"Put it down somewhere," said Wallace; and—— "Anywhere!" snapped Peale rather tartly. "Because," went on her husband, "we've got only half an hour to catch our train for the south."

"The south?" echoed the banker. "You mean you're——"

"Yes; we're going to spend our honeymoon in Valais," murmured Diantha. Then she gave a little gurgling cry that was half sob, half hysterical giggle. "Oh, come on, Wallace! I can't stand this. Take me away. I'm feeling downright—promiscuous."

"WAIT!" commanded Henry. Then suddenly indignation—the indignation of a righteous man whose righteousness somehow has not sufficed him—welled up in his bosom. "Why?" he almost shouted. "Why have you done this? Why did you come to France? Why was it so—so essential to you to spend your honeymoon in Valais?"

"Well, you see, Henry," said Diantha, "it was because I'd left something there — something I wanted very much to go back and say good-by to."

"You mean that young man—the ghost of that young man—whoever he was?" demanded Henry.

"Yes—whoever he was," answered Diantha, smiling faintly.

"But—good Lord! Don't you *know* who he was?"

"He was really," said Diantha, "a very general sort of young man. Sometimes when I was standing on the hill at night he was—Adonis; and sometimes he was some boy I'd met in Valais, at one of our pathetic little flower festivals. But chiefly he was just a young man out of the moon."

"I don't understand," said Henry Peale stiffly. "I never shall! And, to tell you the truth, I don't think I want to. Good-by, Diantha."

"Good-by, Henry," said Diantha.

Five minutes later, as she and Wallace were ambling across Paris in a decrepit taxicab, she said suddenly: "Wallace darling, when we get to Valais you must ask me the same question that Henry asked me. 'Who was this young man?' Like that—very sternly! Then I'll say, 'Please, sir, it was the likes of a boy who kissed me when I was nine——'"

"Diantha!"

"And that will be as true as all the other lies I've told," concluded Diantha; and sighed happily as a lurch of the cab threw her into her husband's arms.

THE END

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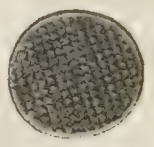
A set of 18  *with cement*

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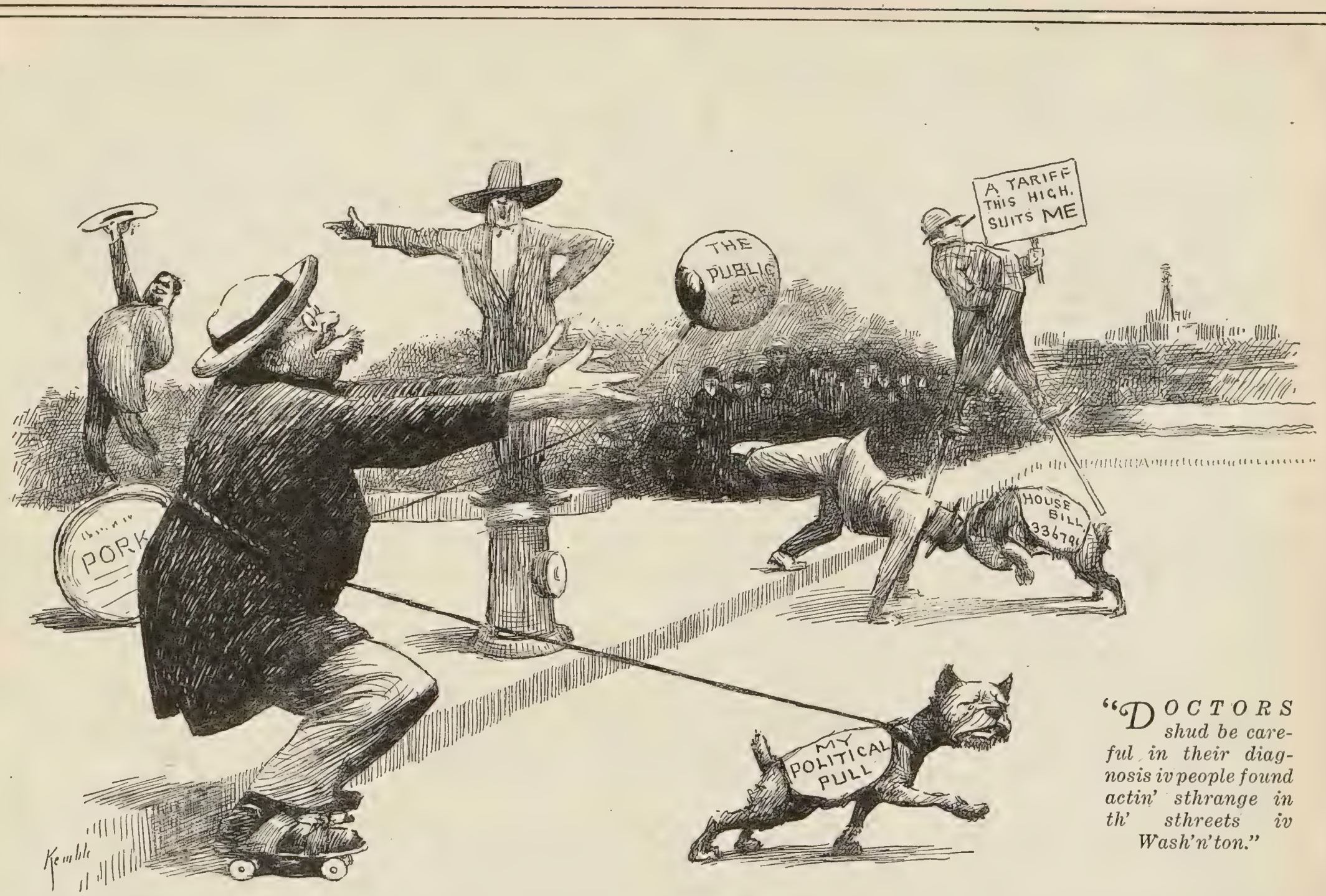

"DOCTORS *shud be careful in their diagnosis iv people found actin' sthrange in th' sthreets iv Wash'n'ton.*"

Mr. Dooley *on* *Political Diseases*

Pictures by E. W. KEMBLE

His Pipe Is Out! As th' Pote Says: "Where Ar-re th' Dawes iv Yesterdah?"

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"SAY," said Mr. Hennessy. "What's become iv Charley Dawes?"

"Who?" Mr. Dooley asked.

"Why, Dawes—Charley Dawes?"

"Ye mane Charley Ross. He was kidnaped fifty years ago."

"No, I don't mane Charley Ross, ayether. I mane Charley Dawes, Char-les Gates Dawes—ye know, th' fellow with th' pipe."

"Oh, Char-les Gates Dawes," said Mr. Dooley. "How on arth did ye iver come to think iv him, ye quare man? Ye have th' funniest mind. He's all right, I guess. He's retired fr'm active life an' is presidin' over th' Sinit. He's Vice Prisidint iv th' United States, an' will be long raymimbered be long raymimberers, along with th' other gr-reat statesmen who've occypied this difficult an' dang'rous post; such men as—well—as—their names have slipped me mind.

"Ivry day at noon, if his clock is right, he hastens to th' Sinit chamber to preside over th' dilib'rations iv that august body. He gives his hat to th' man at th' dure, an' gets a check so he can be identified whin he comes out, arranges th' cushions iv his chair, an' falls into th' gentle, dhreamless sleep iv a Vice Prisidint.

"Ivry wanst in a while he is awoke be a pint iv ordher. He starts an' rubs his eyes an' says: 'Where am I? Oh, yes; th' Sinitor fr'm Allybammy will come to ordher.' 'He won't,' says th' Sinitor fr'm Allybammy. 'Thin don't,' says th' Vice Prisidint. 'Shut up,' says th' Sinitor fr'm Allybammy. 'All r-right, I will,' says th' Vice Prisidint, an' dhrowses off again.

"Yes, sir; those massive an' detarmined jaws ar-re set so that a gopher man cud har'ly open thim with an acetyleen torch, an' th' fierce eyes ar-re veiled be eyelids steeped in slumber. Th' volcano is extinck. Har'ly a ribbon iv smoke comes fr'm th' crater. His pipe is out! As th' pote says: 'Where ar-re th' Dawes iv yesterdah?'

"An' to think that on'y a few months ago people had to wear smoke glasses aven to look at him whin he was in a state iv eruption. His comin' was hurrlded be a low rumble like distant thunder; it mounted to a mighty roar that bust th' eardhrums iv all in hearin' iv his stintoryan tones. An' there he was on th' platform with fire an' brimstone poorin' fr'm him, an' molten lava runnin' down his rugged sides, clouds torn be forked lightenin' wreathin' his noble brow, an' a pipe upside down in his mouth, th' very picture iv a sturdy, inconkerable American business man out f'r an office.

"Whin he left a locality he was followed be blindin' rainstorms an' tornadoes. Threes were uprooted, frame dwellin's were split into kindlin' wood, an' sthraws were dhriven into brick walls.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

"'Hell an' Mariar,' says he. 'Jumpin' Jehosaphat,' he says. 'Be th' sacred horns iv th' Bawlin' Bull iv Babylon, whin I get down to Wash'n'ton I'll show thim Sinitors a thing or two. I'll put th' fear iv Charley Dawes into thim pethrified, ossified, mummified gas ginerators. I'll larn thim!' he says.

"An', be hivens, I believed him. I thought to mesilf: 'Now we're goin' to have a rale shindig. I'd like to be there whin it starts. He'll choke off thim gabblin' ol' geese that ar-re wastin' me time an' money with their prattle. He'll use th' gavel, an' if he uses it on their heads instead iv th' desk 'twill mebbe make more noise an' won't do no hurt,' says I.

"But, by dad, he was late to th' Sinit meetin' th' first day, an' th' Sinit wint right on without him.

Afther an' hour or two th' Sinitor fr'm Matsachoosets remarked: 'I see th' Vice Prisidint ain't here.' 'Ah, so he ain't,' says th' Sinitor fr'm Kansas.

"'Well, what diff'rence does it make? Th' shorthand reporthers an' th' pages ar-re prisint, so who cares?' An' he wint on with his readin' iv a pome be Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"AN' we haven't heerd fr'm th' Vice Prisidint since, excipt whin he thrun out th' first ball at th' ball park. Nare a peep. He's as much out iv circylation as th' German mark. F'r all raisonable purposes he might as well be painted on th' wall.

"It's too bad. But I can't believe th' fine fellow is out f'r good. No, sir; th' time is comin' whin he's bound to explode. Ye can't keep so much rarin', tearin' energy shut up, anny more thin ye can keep corn mash fr'm blowin' off th' top iv th' still an' wreckin' th' kitchen.

"Some day th' lid will go flyin' through th' roof iv' th' Capitol an' th' Sinit chamber will be submarged be a flood iv white-hot lava an' pumice stone, like thim ancient cities that Jovanny th' barber tells about near his home town. An' cinchries later th' excavators' union will dig down an' down an' fin'lly come acrost ninety-six fat ol' conscript fathers, in Prince Albert coats, incrusted an' presarved just as they were whin Charley Dawes' wrath overwhelmed thim with their mouths open.

"I've always wondhered what sthrange disease it was got holt iv men whin they wint to Wash'n'ton. Years ago they used to blame it on th' malarya; but it can't be that now, f'r th' Pottymack flats has been dhrained long since, an' annyhow wan iv thim Annie Phelan mosquitos that Doc Larkin talks about wud have to have a beak like a brace-an'-bitt to dhrill into th' skin iv a gr-reat naytional charackter like Sinitor Heflin. But, whativer it is, it lays thim all low.

"Ye ilict some fellow or other to Congress because ye like him, or don't know him, or because he's a good-natured, talkative, idle sort iv a duck, that is gin'rally popylar but aint bright enough to be sheriff or county threasurer or hold other remoonerative office. He seems sound in limb an' more thin sound in wind whin he laves home. An' th' first thing ye know ye r-read that he's escaped fr'm his nurse an' gone to th' Capitol in a state iv deleeryum.

"It affects diff'rent men diff'rently an' has more kinds iv symptoms thin in-flooinza. Some ar-re affected like victims iv sleepin'-sickness. A dull lethargy creeps over thim an' they snooze continually.

"In manny cases th' scoorge is like alcohol pizenin'. Young ambylance surgeons frequently sind a man to th' hospital f'r deleeryum thremens whin th' on'y throuble with th' poor fellow is that he's a Congressman. Doctors shud be careful, in their diagnosis iv people found actin' sthrange in th' sthreets iv Wash-n'ton, not to say they've overindulged whin they're merely actin' like statesmen.

"In a number iv instances th' disease takes th' form iv what th' docs calls infantilism. Th' unhappy victim spinds ivry afthernoon dhrinkin' tay with ladies an' discussin' such subjicks as th' L'ague iv Nations, prohybition, Cal Cooldige, an' other topics iv inthrest to th' childless.

"But, gin'rally speakin', th' suff'rer is exthremely vilent. He rants an' roars, abuses ivrybody, quotes pomes fr'm th' Third Reader, talks incoherent, hugs his fellow inmates wan minyit an' slugs thim th' nex', an' bethrays all th' symptoms iv paranoya, migylomanya, dimintia precox, an' bad home thrainin'.

"All this here dope I got fr'm Doc Larkin, who's been studyin' this mysteryous aliment an' is preparin' a pa-aper on it to be read befure th' S'ciety iv Conchologists at their nex' meetin'. He thinks he's on th' thrack iv a virus that if ye shoot it into a new Congressman or Sinitor will keep him normal till th' appropriation bill comes up.

"SAYS th' Doc: 'I'm inclined to agree with ye, Martin, that th' soorce iv this disease is th' air iv th' Capitol,' he says. 'I've had a sample iv th' athymosphere iv th' Sinit chamber sint me. It was exthremely offinsive to th' sinse iv smell, an' so thick that ye cudden't tamp it into th' lungs iv th' ordhinry healthy man. I injicted it into two guinea pigs, an' they immejitly begun howlin' an' wavin' their paws, or, as ye might say, debatin' with each other.

"'F'r manny years,' he says, 'it's been well known to medical practitioners, gamblers, an' other scien-tific obsarvers that if ye locked men up in a room with th' windows closed f'r a sartain lenth iv time they'd get quare an' have deloosyons.

"'I was talkin' with Jeff Hankins, th' Nestor iv th' fraternity iv sure-thing men, wan time. "Why don't ye open th' windows?" says I. "Wud ye have me break mesilf?" he says. "Why," says he, "th' kind iv air we make these babies inhale is more niciss'ry to our plant thin th' sleeve holdout, th' loaded dice, or th' ilithric needle. Lave one iv thim set here f'r an hour an' it's a thousan' to wan that he has deloosyons iv granjoor an' dimness iv vision.

"'"I talked to th' main squeeze at Monty Carlo about it," he says, "an' he told me th' air iv his establishment has been stationary f'r sixty-two years. It is analyzed ivry day, an' if th' percintage iv protozoon life runs low he has a carload iv sootable air shipped down fr'm th' Pastoor Instichoot in Paris.

"'"Ye think," says Jeff, "I have th' windows shut tight to keep out th' polis," he says. "But I don't. It's to keep out th' air. If wan gust aven fr'm Clark Sthreet come into th' room, thim wild-eyed punters that ye see now at th' wheel wud be countin' their chips an' lookin' at their watches," he says.'

"AN', Hinnissy, I think there's a good dale in what he says, especyally as I said it first. If it ain't so, how can ye account f'r th' fandangoes in th' Sinit? How can ye explain our ol' frind Bill Borah, th' gr-reatest statesman that Idaho has iver projooced, hollerin' that he'd wade through blood f'r th' Constitootion? Whin I knew him first he was in parfick health an' wud niver wade through annything if he cud get a plank to walk acrost. A milder or more dociler man was niver threed be a jack rabbit. An' now he's goin' to be th' candydate iv a new woman's party an' take th' place iv Dr. Mary Walker, who used to wear her hair bobbed, too.

"I asked th' Doc if there was anny cure f'r it. 'Certainly,' says he. 'Th' patient shud be taken at wanst fr'm th' Sinit or House. It is absolutely niciss'ry to remove him fr'm this environmint. He shud be bound an' gagged f'r a month an' wheeled around th' park in th' fresh air an' sunshine. Th' nurse shud r-read to him exthracks fr'm a book iv etiket an' th' Life iv St. Thomas a Kempis. But fresh air, simple food, an' th' nicissity iv arnin' a livelihood will restore him to his fam'ly almost as well as whin he left.

"'He prob'bly will niver be entirely normal. He will always talk to himsilf. But contack with people who have to wurruk f'r a livin' will make him betther, an' if he shows signs iv a relapse an' begins hurlin' abuse at his neighbors, it will do no harm to give him a good smack in th' eye,' says Doc Larkin.

"So don't blame our Congressmen an' Sinitors, Hinnissy. Blame their environment. Manny a poor fellow that misbehaves while imprisoned undher that tin roof wud be restored to normal if he was took out into th' counthry twict a week to play with th' cows. Th' more us scientists looks into th' subjick, th' more we ar-re convinced that crime is not th' result iv an evil disposition, but is caused be onforchnit surroundin's. 'Give th' poor fellows th' air,' says I."

"A lot iv thim will get it nex' fall," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I shudden't wondher," said Mr. Dooley.

"Out into th' country twice a week to play with th' cows."

Mr. Dooley has been watching the activities of the gunmen, and he will make a few remarks about them in next week's LIBERTY.

When there's singing and dancing on the lawn—and the gay crowds swing to music under the lanterns and the canopy of trees
—have a Camel!

WHEN it's evening with merry dancing on the lantern-studded lawn. And the sound of soft music and laughter bears along on the friendly breeze. When the world is young with youth and gay with age—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette made was ever so joyous on carefree evenings. Camel is fair companion to busy days and glamourous, restful nights. You just can't smoke enough Camels to tire the taste. Camels never leave a cigaretty after-taste. The choicest tobaccos that nature grows, blended to bring you their purest enjoyment, are rolled into Camels. Camels are the tried and found-true friend of millions of experienced smokers.

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Have a Camel!

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Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
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WHEN the last squeeze oozes from the particular tube you are now using—will you ask your druggist for your first tube of Ipana Tooth Paste?

Switch to it completely for one month. Use it faithfully. You'll note with delight how effective Ipana is in cleaning your teeth, how delicious it is to your taste—how beneficial it can be to your gums.

Because of our soft food our gums need care!

It is just as important to care for your gums as it is to clean your teeth. For, under our modern diet of soft and creamy food, our gums are logy. They lack the stimulation which coarse, fibrous food once gave. They become soft and tender—prey to the stubborn gum troubles so prevalent today.

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Speak to your dentist at the first sign of trouble. Very probably, he will recommend massage of the gums—to supply the stimulation not given today by the mastication of our food. Very probably, too, he will vouch for Ipana's benefits. For our professional men, calling on more than 50,000 dentists, have demonstrated Ipana's virtues. It was by professional

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endation that Ipana first became known to the public. ly massage your gums gently with the brush and Ipana, usual cleaning with Ipana. This will rouse the circulation d within the gum walls, bringing fresh, clean blood to en the gingival tissue. And, because of its ziratol con- na will help your gums, rendering them more resistant nset of disease.

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e coupon offers a trial tube, enough for about ten days. you wish, but a large tube contains enough for more than . Ten days is all too short to show you the ben- pana—but, after you have faithfully used Ipana for month, you will be delighted with its beneficial s refreshing taste and its marvelous cleaning power.

Even if your gums bother you seldom or never, begin your use of this delicious dentifrice today. The best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.

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Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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YES, vacuum cleaners still are made and sold. So are buggies, for that matter.

But the enlightened woman today demands something more—the *new*, the *improved*, the *advanced*—the cleaning principle that takes dirt *out* of her rugs, instead of merely *off* them.

She demands "Positive Agitation," the remarkable principle perfected in the *new* Hoover. This revolutionary cleaner surpasses even the standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

Those who have seen the new Hoover say it *antiquates* any earlier method of home cleaning and rug care. Yet any Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you this unrivaled cleaner for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners. The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

An Immense Step Ahead
"POSITIVE AGITATION"

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

"POSITIVE AGITATION" as accomplished in the new Hoover is *beating*—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

The New HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

The Whittemore MOB

Picture by
KENNETH CAMP

America's Most Vicious Criminals in the Toils of the Law

An Article by
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

PART THREE

AFTER a series of spectacular jewelry-store holdups in New York City and street stickups in Baltimore, did Dick Whittemore lead his outlaws into Buffalo and stage the shocking double murder and $93,000 bank car robbery of October 29, 1925? Whittemore, in a Buffalo cell, flatly denied that he and his pals had done this job. "However," he remarked stoically, "they'll probably burn me for it."

The youthful slayer of a Maryland penitentiary guard put in an alibi. It was supported by half a dozen witnesses, some of whom were alleged to have been procured by Jacob Kramer, the international criminal—brains of the gang.

The alibi witnesses apparently established a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jurymen. At least, the jury was unable to agree and the youthful bandit's prediction that he would be "burned" did not come to pass. He was sent back to Baltimore to face the charge of murdering a prison guard during a successful break for liberty.

Let us sketch the Buffalo murders and holdup with a view to showing how circumstances worked to aid in Whittemore's acquittal and how quick was the cunning Jake Kramer to utilize them.

At 9:15 o'clock the morning of October 29, three armed guards in an armored automobile left the Federal Reserve Bank with four canvas bags containing $117,000, and drove a couple of blocks to the Bank of Buffalo, affiliated with the Marine Trust Company. The bank is at North Division and Main streets.

As the guards alighted to take the money inside, two men stepped from the throngs, raised their pistols, and shot the guards. Charles W. Clifford, the driver, and Lewis M. Yarrington fell dead. John H. Meyers toppled to the sidewalk with a bullet in his shoulder.

The two stickup men then calmly lifted the four bags from the armored car and ran through the crowds to a machine waiting at the corner of Washington Street, a short block away. They dropped one sack, but did not stop.

Two men were in the automobile, and two others came running from their posts at strategic corners. The four jumped in and the machine sped through the traffic and disappeared. The loot amounted to $93,000.

International Photo

DICK WHITTEMORE in caged pen, talking to his wife.

A few hours later the holdup automobile was found deserted near the edge of town. The license number, it was discovered, had been obtained by a man giving the address 81 Mott Street, New York City. This man was said to be Shuffles Goldberg; and that street number figured in the final police espionage and arrest of the Whittemore gang. Residents near the place where the deserted automobile was found said that six men had climbed out of it and driven away in a Cadillac.

Buffalo authorities believed for a long time that the murderers had been led by Harry Harris, who had perpetrated numerous holdups in the vicinity. Indeed, a dozen witnesses identified Harris' picture as that of the bandit leader. He resembled Whittemore a bit. The Bank of Buffalo offered a reward of $10,000.

When the Whittemore Mob was rounded up in New York City five months later, Buffalo witnesses went to the Tombs Prison and identified Dick and Leon Kramer as the assassins. The Buffalo police believed the other four to have been Jake Kramer, Tony Paladino, Shuffles Goldberg, and Nate Zimmer, with Goldberg and Paladino as the lookouts.

WHETHER Whittemore was in Buffalo or not on October 29, it is proof of his bravado that on the night of October 31, while he was being hunted all over the country on a charge of murdering the Maryland prison guard, he went back to Baltimore, where his features were known to every policeman.

About midnight of that day, Edwin M. (Spike) Kenny, a bootlegger, was having a drink in a Bellair Road roadhouse on the edge of the city. A waiter came to him and said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One Dollar

Millions of men now know that One Dollar will buy everything in comfort and wear that any man can look for in a Union Suit.

"Topkis"—the world's greatest value for a dollar

You get unheard-of value in Dollar Topkis — the Union Suit that millions of men wear with pride.

In fabric, in fit, in long wear — it is the greatest value you can find in the field of men's apparel.

Go today and see how much the small price of One Dollar will buy you in Topkis . . .

Fabrics of wonderful quality and great variety, tailored the individual Topkis way. Cut for comfort and for health—generously full size.

Never has One Dollar bought so much!

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TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

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The Flatlock Seam. Nine needles weave the materials together into a seam that is the strongest part of the garment.

Be sure to read this label

Men's Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c each. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

[THE WHITTEMORE MOB Continued from Page Forty-one]

somebody wanted to see him on the porch. As Spike stepped out into the dark, a man fired two bullets into his body, leaned above his writhing figure, spoke a few words, and strolled away into the night.

When the police came Spike told them that Dick Whittemore had shot him. Incredulous, they asked him why.

"Oh, I've been monkeying around Margaret, his wife, and he heard about it, I guess."

SPIKE was taken to the Baltimore City Hospital, and about noon a nurse answered the telephone. A man's voice said:

"This is Dick Whittemore. Go tell Spike Kenny that if he doesn't stop talking I'll come out there and shoot him dead in his bed."

So Spike Kenny promptly denied that he had said Whittemore shot him!

Back to Broadway went the leader of the gang, and on December 2, he and the Kramers, Goldberg, Paladino, and Nate paid a predatory visit to the jewelry store of M. G. Ernest, 566 Columbus Avenue. An hour later Jake was handing $75,000 in diamonds to a fence for purchase.

It was nineteen days later when Simon Gilden, one of the mob, received a leaden passport to that unmapped country from whose bourne no gangster ever returns to quarrel over the division of plunder. Life's journey had ended at the fence of Trinity Church, New York. He had been seen with Whittemore a day or two before.

On December 23, Folmer Prip, a jeweler on the eighth floor at 90 Nassau Street, contributed $10,000 to the gang's Christmas spending money. This stickup illustrates the sagacity that characterized the mob's methods.

Jake "made" the place a few times and set the robbery for December 22. When Whittemore started to enter the room he saw two men whose presence violated Jake's description of what would be found. So he calmly turned around and led the outlaws down the stairs.

The next day they returned, stuck up Mr. Prip, descended the stairs, and walked into the stream of foot traffic in the narrow canyon of Nassau Street.

Three days later another of the mob, Joseph Ross, was found shot to death near Elizabeth, New Jersey.

On January 11, 1926, the Whittemore gang made its richest haul. After long study and intensive scheming, with Paladino and Goldberg watching traffic officers and Unkelbach again in the picture; with Jake Kramer calmly proceeding down the avenue ahead of his two victims, and lifting his hat as he met Whittemore and Leon Kramer in order to identify the jewelers; with Nate at the wheel —the bunch stuck up Albert S. Goudvis and Emanuel S. Veerman, representatives of a Belgian diamond house.

Just as the two stepped into the doorway at 22 West 48th Street, at the corner of Fifth Avenue, Whittemore brought his heavy pistol down on Goudvis' head, batted Veerman to the floor, and walked out with $175,000 in unset diamonds. As the outlaws climbed into their automobile a former police captain, George Helwig, fired two shots at the retreating machine. Helwig, then a private detective, caught a closeup of the gangsters' faces. His sudden and mysterious disappearance immediately thereafter is laid to the gang.

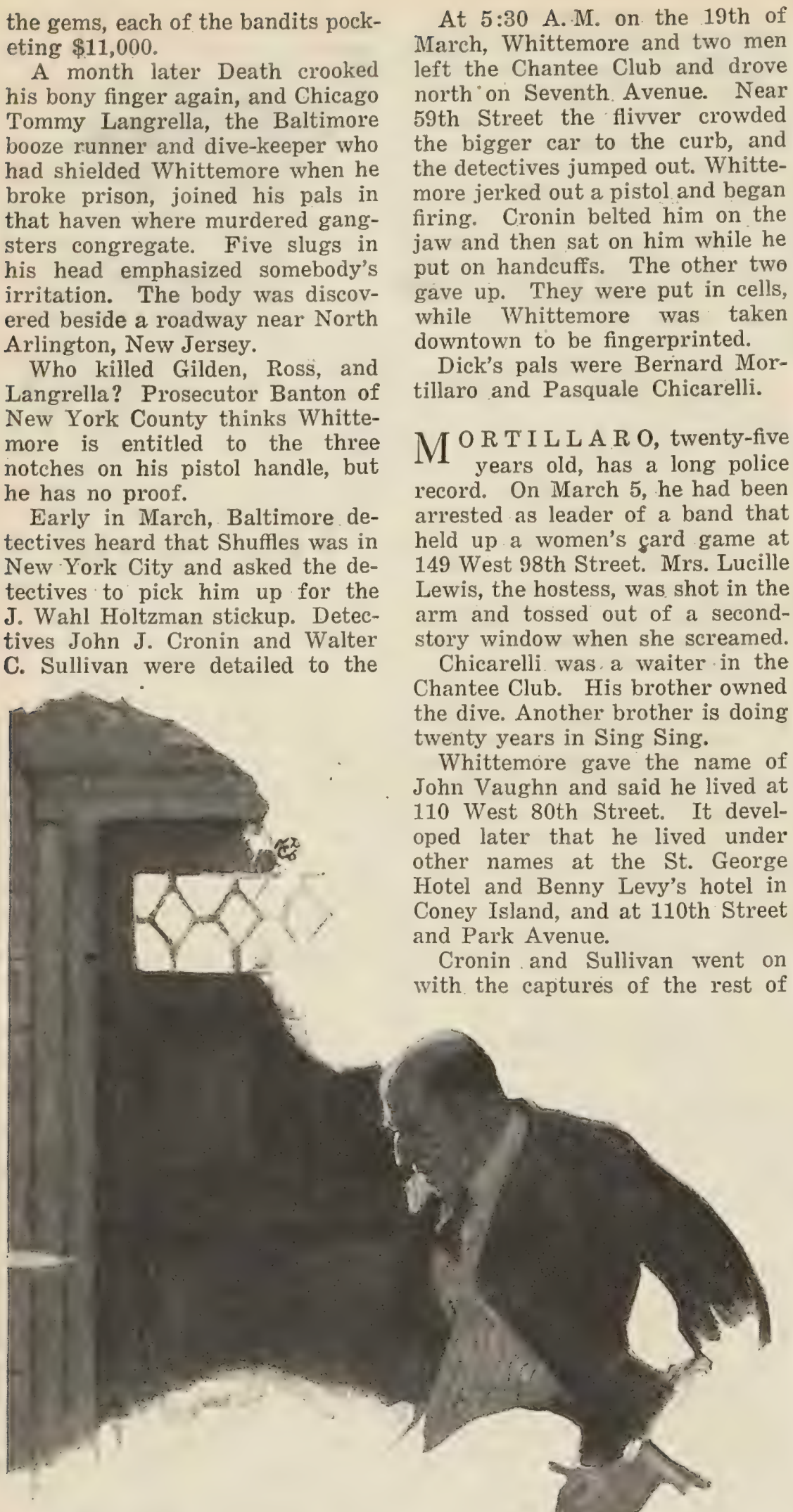
The fence gave Jake $77,000 for

the gems, each of the bandits pocketing $11,000.

A month later Death crooked his bony finger again, and Chicago Tommy Langrella, the Baltimore booze runner and dive-keeper who had shielded Whittemore when he broke prison, joined his pals in that haven where murdered gangsters congregate. Five slugs in his head emphasized somebody's irritation. The body was discovered beside a roadway near North Arlington, New Jersey.

Who killed Gilden, Ross, and Langrella? Prosecutor Banton of New York County thinks Whittemore is entitled to the three notches on his pistol handle, but he has no proof.

Early in March, Baltimore detectives heard that Shuffles was in New York City and asked the detectives to pick him up for the J. Wahl Holtzman stickup. Detectives John J. Cronin and Walter C. Sullivan were detailed to the job. After studying the chinless Shuffles they concluded he was only a tool of an intelligent and daring chieftain. So they began to trail him.



AS Spike stepped out into the dark, a man fired two bullets into his body.

The trail led to the night clubs, and it led to Dick Whittemore. It also led to the different addresses of the gangsters. And almost every night it ended in the Chantee Club at 132 West 52d Street, with Whittemore and his satellites tossing money madly about.

When the detectives had all the information they needed, they decided to round up the band.

At 5:30 A.M. on the 19th of March, Whittemore and two men left the Chantee Club and drove north on Seventh Avenue. Near 59th Street the flivver crowded the bigger car to the curb, and the detectives jumped out. Whittemore jerked out a pistol and began firing. Cronin belted him on the jaw and then sat on him while he put on handcuffs. The other two gave up. They were put in cells, while Whittemore was taken downtown to be fingerprinted.

Dick's pals were Bernard Mortillaro and Pasquale Chicarelli.

MORTILLARO, twenty-five years old, has a long police record. On March 5, he had been arrested as leader of a band that held up a women's card game at 149 West 98th Street. Mrs. Lucille Lewis, the hostess, was shot in the arm and tossed out of a second-story window when she screamed.

Chicarelli was a waiter in the Chantee Club. His brother owned the dive. Another brother is doing twenty years in Sing Sing.

Whittemore gave the name of John Vaughn and said he lived at 110 West 80th Street. It developed later that he lived under other names at the St. George Hotel and Benny Levy's hotel in Coney Island, and at 110th Street and Park Avenue.

Cronin and Sullivan went on with the captures of the rest of the gang. At 9 o'clock the same morning Goldberg, in his new Cadillac and with two $1,000 bills in his pocket, was arrested just as he was picking up Jake and Leon Kramer at 73d Street and Amsterdam Avenue. The Kramers were also gathered in.

Later in the day Paladino was seized in his mother's tenement at 77 Mulberry Street. He told everything he knew, and as a consequence the detectives arrested Margaret Whittemore, the outlaw's wife, in the lobby of the Embassy Hotel at Broadway and 70th Street, where she was registered as Margaret Collins.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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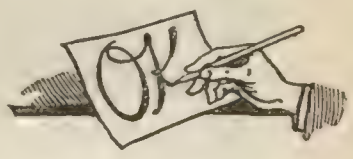

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Who would have ordinary ankles, like those above, when— "Onyx Pointex," shown at the left, can slenderize the same ankles so beautifully?

Ankles look so different when slenderized this way!

YOU know how vertical lines in a dress can slenderize the figure; you can imagine how such lines in *stockings* can slenderize the ankles!

The twin tapering lines that meet in a point above the heel in "Onyx Pointex" stockings make ankles look slimmer—more graceful—more shapely. Ankles naturally well-molded are emphasized with a note of trim smartness; those a bit too wide are given an illusion of slender charm.

Because stockings are no longer a mere detail of costume, it is well worth while to insist upon "Onyx Pointex," with their re-inforced point. You will find them at better hosiery shops everywhere.

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight $1.65
Style 255, Service weight } $1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk" }

Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight } $2.75
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"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. *Manufacturers* *New York*

"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"

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[THE WHITTEMORE MOB
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Unkelbach was grabbed in the flat of a friend, Reuben Morris, an ex-convict, at 150 Manhattan Avenue. He had morphine valued at $1,000 in his room. Deprived of the drug, he too began to tell secrets.

As the police were developing clews suggested by Paladino and by Unkelbach, it was discovered that in Whittemore they had a prisoner of tremendous importance.

When his fingerprints were checked up in the Bureau of Identification, the detectives found they corresponded with this mystical code:

$$\frac{31}{27} \quad \frac{IM}{OI} \quad \frac{19}{18}$$

—and that classification embraced the numbers of Richard Reese Whittemore, wanted in Baltimore for the murder of Robert Holtman, the penitentiary guard!

WHEREUPON Mr. Pecora, first assistant district attorney, put Paladino and Unkelbach on the grill. As he chiseled out the amazing story, Whittemore went wild listening to the squealers in adjoining rooms.

In the midst of all this turmoil, Buffalo suddenly stepped into the picture, with numerous witnesses identifying Whittemore and Leon Kramer as the murderers of the two bank guards.

Then the virtue of the "advance alibi," which Jake Kramer always provided, became apparent. Since Harry Harris, a minor bandit of Buffalo, already had been vaguely identified by several witnesses as one of the murderers, the prosecutor found it difficult to get a positive identification of Whittemore. With a plausible alibi piled alongside of a reasonable doubt, the case against the Baltimore bandit failed.

Why did Dick Whittemore, the offspring of five generations of honest Americans, develop such a criminal nature? Prosecutor Pecora and Whittemore are a unit in blaming the newspapers!

"Well, I saw in the papers how easy it was for a game guy to knock off a joint," quoth Whittemore.

Mr. Pecora's wording of the indictment was different:

"The papers smear the story of a successful holdup all over page one. That prominence alone glorifies the crime in the weak minds of wayward boys. After we get the crooks sentenced, considerable time has elapsed. The story is cold, and the editors stick the brief item back in the paper. If they would play down the crime and play up the retribution it would help law enforcement tremendously."

But Whittemore was stealing hymnbooks and peanuts long before he could read!

THE END

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a nationally-loved father

TO the hundreds of thousands of Boy Scouts throughout America, Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner, is loved and respected as the father of scouting in America.

As a tribute of their esteem, thousands of these Boy Scouts will send Dan Beard a Father's Day Greeting Card on June 20—the day set apart to honor fathers.

* * *

Of course you will remember your own father. Warm his heart with a cheerful message on that day. In good shops everywhere you will find a pleasing assortment of Father's Day Cards, expressing the very thoughts of love and respect that you want to say.

FATHER'S DAY IS
Sunday, June 20

All through the year are such occasions in the lives of those we love when the sending of a message of remembrance, congratulation, praise, or encouragement is the thoughtful thing to do. And there is a suitable Greeting Card for each occasion.

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Anne Rittenhouse has written a charming little book on the use of Greeting Cards. This book contains also fifteen pages for arranging lists of those you wish to remember. A veritable "Social Secretary" — sent postpaid for 25c. Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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The Language of the STARS

Pictures by E. F. WARD

"GOOD-BY, Jerry," she says, in that little don't-care voice. "Come again sometime, Jerry."

A Short Story of a Girl and a Bootlegger

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

YOU can't buy protection steady any more—there's not enough honest guys left. But I've got my split tucked away. Long Island real estate, mostly—they can't padlock that.

Never seen the little place I got down there, have you? Well, you ought to come down sometime. Am I married? Sure—take a look at the kids. You ought to see us, Sundays, with the ducks. It'd give you a laugh.

But the big laugh you'd get out of my place is the old garage. Sawdust on the floor, big mirror back of the bar, and all the bottles and the old-time pictures—oh, it's regular!

Come down sometime when the missus is away and I'll show you the works. Bring anybody you like—except women, of course.

It's funny to see the boys who aren't wise down there. I tell 'em I don't keep a drop in the house—and they certainly look funny. Then after a while I say, sort of offhand, "Well, boys, let's go out and take a look at the new car!"

Gee, they don't want to look at the *new car*—they want a drink; but I don't tell 'em anything. And while they're gettin' in the front door of the garage, I sneak in quick the back way, and snap on a regular old-time white coat and a trick bartender's mustache I got put away there.

And when they crash in, I'm leanin' over the bar, with the trick mustache on, just like the old days. "What'll you have, gents?" I say—and you ought to see their faces!

But I mean it—about the women. I don't want any women there. There's only been one woman ever seen that place except the missus—and I don't want any more. The thing about it is this:

You probably never heard of Charley the Wop; but four years ago he was one of the biggest eggs in the game. Sure, wet goods—what'd you think I meant—croquet? Charley was a bad cookie—the mean, fat, oily kind that breaks out into silk shirts and perfume and di'mon' rings as soon as he gets some jack. I said he looked fat—but he was husky too. He looked as if sockin' him would feel like sockin' spaghetti—but I'd as soon of socked a brick wall.

I was just doin' business in a small way then, downtown. I used to have a brain storm whenever I sold a case. Then Bill and I started the restaurant and did better; but still it was in a small way.

That's how I met up with Charley. He was king-pin of the bunch I got my supplies from, and—at first—they were square enough. I was out for the high-class trade; and if one of those boys gets sick or somethin' on your stuff, the word goes around.

I had my first run-in with Charley over just that. He sold me some bum goods once, and I let him get away with it—accidents will happen. Then he did it again, and this time—well, I couldn't even pass it on. Christmas was comin' on, and I had orders.

I got in touch with him finally—he didn't want to see me, much. And after I got in the back room over the restaurant where he hung out—I wasn't so sure I wanted to see him, either. There were two other fellows in the room.

One of 'em was a big, sad bozo with a bum toupee and coke-sniffer's hands. He was sittin' on a table, and he had the biggest bulge at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Meadow Grove
CLUB CHEESE

Super-Quality

The finer qualities of Meadow Grove Club Cheese are a revelation in flavor, mellowness, and creamy texture. Meadow Grove Cheese is nourishing and strengthening; a concentrated food, wholesome and easily digested.

Meadow Grove cooks up perfectly in preparing various cheese dishes and does not become tough or rubbery. This is a distinct quality in Meadow Grove.

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American · Swiss · Brick
Pimento · Caraway

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[THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS]
Continued from Page Forty-five

side of his coat I ever saw. And the other was one of those pretty-pretty boys about nineteen, and he had his bulge in front where he carried his rod in one of those shoulder holsters.

Charley was sittin' behind the table—with the drawer in the table half open in front of him. That made three rods for them—and I only had one.

I don't know yet why it didn't come to curtains for somebody. I gave it to Charley straight—and I could see him get mad. The color came up in his skin and his eyes got little as a pig's.

I told him straight I'd quit him cold and throw in with the Dyer bunch if he didn't play ball from then on. Well, he didn't like me so well—but he liked the Dyer bunch a whole lot less, and he knew I had arrangements made in case any accidents started happening. So we got real friendly toward the end of the talk—friendly enough for him to set up some wine.

I don't like dago red anyhow, and this might have been fixed; but I had to take the chance. The girl brought it up from downstairs—a black bottle and five clean glasses.

That was the first time I saw her.

SHE looked like a kid then—she ought to been in high school, carryin' her books in a strap. Her name was Ada. The wine was cold in the bottle, and her hand was warm, and she had thin, cute-lookin' fingers. She didn't look right, in that room, when she came in.

"Hello, kid!" says Charley. "Pour out the wine for my frien'—this my frien' Jerry, kid." And he pats her arm. "Meet my girl, Jerry—this my girl Ada," he says in his voice that sounds as if it was poured across lard—he didn't talk English so good.

"Please' to meet you, I'm sure," I says. "Have a chair, Miss Ada."

Charley bust out laughin' at that.

"Ada don' need no chair," he says, punchin' himself and laughin'. "Ada don' need chair. She sit in Charley's lap and make his vino sweet for him while we drink with my frien' Jerry."

So after she'd poured the vino he makes her sit down on his lap. She didn't make a fuss or anythin', but she didn't pretend she was crazy about it, either. She just sat there, with Charley's arm around her, and now and then she'd take a sip of the wine.

"What you think of my girl, hey, Jerry?" says Charley, lappin' up the vino. "Pretty fine girl for Charley, hey, Jerry?"

"I'll say she is," I said, and switched the conversation. I wasn't lookin' at her; I knew if I did I'd begin to get mad.

"Damn right," says Charley, and slaps his hand on the table. "And my girl like Charley, too—hey, Ada, you like Charley?"

"Sure, I like Charley," says the girl. She looked like a kid, but her voice was a million years old.

"Damn right!" says Charley, and slaps his hand on the table again.

I got up then. I didn't want any more of it.

"I'll be breezin' along," I said. "Good-by, Charley—good-by, boys—Miss Ada——"

"Goo'-by, Jerry — my frien' Jerry," says Charley. "Come out with me nex' trip, Jerry—then you sure you get good stuff."

"I'll do that little thing," I says. Then I says again, "Good-by, Miss Ada."

I got her eyes then. They were lookin' at me—and through me.

"Good-by, Jerry," she says, in that little don't-care voice. "Come again sometime, Jerry."

Well, that was the first time I saw her. I saw her some more after that, and—oh, what's the use? I wasn't myself when I saw her.

Don't get the wrong idea. We wasn't alone at all—we just talked a couple of times. After I'd talked business with Charley she'd bring in the vino, and he'd make her sit in his lap, and I'd sit there opposite, hatin' him. But the funny thing was, she knew how I felt and I knew how she felt.

If Charley had treated her bad, things might of been different—but he treated her as well as a guy like Charley could treat anybody. He was fat and jealous and crooked as a pretzel—but I've known better guys to treat a girl lots worse. I've got to hand him that.

Of course I thought about the missus. I thought about her all the time. I used to go around sayin' to myself, "Don't cheat—don't cheat—Jerry," kind of under my breath.

The missus and me—we'd been

"ORDINARILY, I'd have stayed and mixed in the scrap—but I didn't that night. I just grabbed up Ada, coat and all, and ducked for the car."

married fifteen years. It wasn't as if it was hurtin' the missus—just seein' this girl. I suppose that's all there'd ever have been—just seein' her there—if it hadn't been for an accident.

It happened around in June. Charley was expectin' a big consignment down on Long Island, and I was goin' down with him to look it over. I remember thinkin' it was maybe the last time I'd deal with Charley, and I was glad—I knew that was the thing to do, break things right off.

Besides, I'd been thinkin' for some while of dealin' direct myself, now business was gettin' so good. That was one reason I wanted to go down—to get in touch with the outside crowd. And I'd be watchin' Charley so he didn't hang anything on me.

I didn't know Ada was goin' till that night. Then, "For Pete's sake, Charley," I says, "you ain't takin' the girl?"

"Damn right I take my girl," says Charley. "Charley's girl go wherever Charley go—hey, Ada?" And he pinches her arm. I could hardly keep my hands quiet.

"And supposin' your girl doesn't want to go?" I says. "Supposin' that?"

We could have settled it right there—I was just damn fool enough—but he only laughed.

"How about it, Ada?" he says, and, "Oh, I don't mind goin'," she says in her don't-care voice.

Well, after that there wasn't anything for me to say.

But I thought a lot, drivin' down. I'd brought my own car—I didn't want to go in the car with Charley.

Well, we got to the place, and the other boys were there and everything started to go off right

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

20 *years* of hard labor or *this*?

Running hot water is provided in most homes at the cost of lots of hard, unpleasant work. Someone must stoke, carry ashes, build the fire when it goes out. Unless this is done, there is no hot water. And someone is always forgetting.

Now think what happens when you substitute for all that thankless effort a Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater. The man who puts it in for you adjusts it, lights the pilot and goes his way.

That's all. The whole job is done. Your hot water supply for the next twenty years is assured. All the hot water you want—whenever you want it. And nothing for you to do but turn the faucet. Hot water instantly.

Inexpensive to Buy
Inexpensive to Use

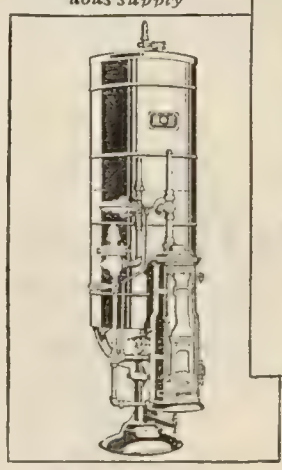
Costly? No. Records from thousands of homes, where Humphrey Heaters are, prove that this is the most economical method of water heating of all. It costs less per gallon to heat water with a Humphrey Automatic than any other way.

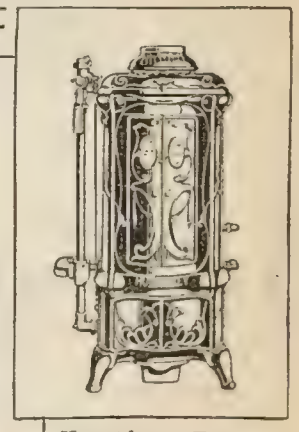
Comfort, enjoyment, satisfaction—freedom from work and worry and planning. This is what a Humphrey Automatic will mean to you. There's a type and size just made for your home.

Your gas company or plumber will give you details, or better yet, write us for booklet of interesting information, and name of dealer who can serve you.

HUMPHREY COMPANY
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
(Div. Ruud Mfg. Co.)

Humphrey Storage System—maintains a *continuous supply*





Humphrey Type-A Automatic—heats water *instantly* as it flows

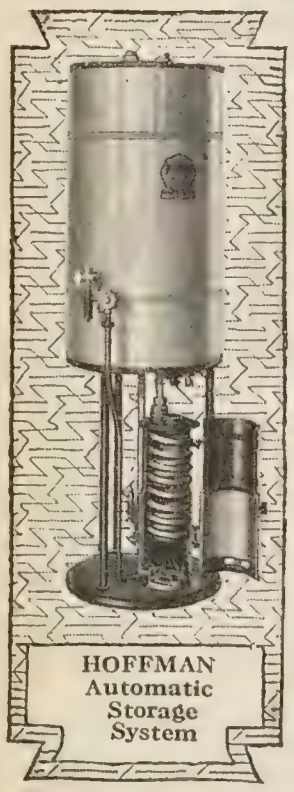
HUMPHREY
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

SOME *Parents Make Cleanliness Easy*

DO the lovable rascals in your home dodge a "scrub-up" with the deftness of a pedestrian in traffic? Are you regularly provoked by the oft-used excuse, "Aw, gee, the water ain't hot?" And is cleanliness too often neglected because water must be heated?

Your home needs a Hoffman **Automatic** Gas Water Heater—to make cleanliness easy and save time and work all through the house. It will end **all** hot water annoyances. There's nothing to do but turn the faucet—any time of day or night—and be **instantly** supplied with **unlimited** hot water for any purpose.

A Hoffman gives the cottage the convenience of the mansion. There are models for both, and all other homes. And—wonderful news—prices are low, terms easy and this super-service costs but a few pennies a day. Don't deny your home this comfort. Write us for complete information or inquire of branch nearest you.



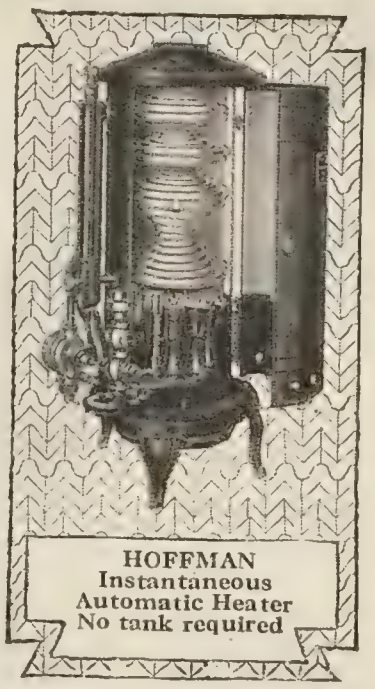
HOFFMAN Automatic Gas Water Heaters

The No. 45 Instantaneous Model for small homes with usual hot water outlets.

The No. 3, a slightly larger model for typical homes.

The No. 20-A Storage System, (20 gallons capacity) for average homes.

The No. 40-A Storage System, (40 gallons capacity) for larger homes.



The Hoffman Heater Company
1701-15 Eighteenth St., Louisville, Kentucky

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ST. LOUIS
WASHINGTON

[THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS]
Continued from Page Forty-seven

on schedule. I met the people I'd wanted to meet, but I didn't get a chance to talk to them. Charley was on to me there, and he was bossin' the job.

So after a while I just stood around gassin' with Ada. I remember there wasn't any moon; but the stars were out, and it was a quiet night, and you could hear the water scrunchin' the sand in one big wave all the way down Long Island.

"Pretty snappy night, huh?" I said, and Ada looks out at the water a minute.

"Yeah, it's pretty," she said, just like a kid with a doll. "Do you live in the country, Jerry?"

"Yeah," I said. "We got a place the other side of the island."

"I only been to road houses with Charley," she says. "It must be nice to have a place of your own. Nice and quiet."

"Ada," I said, and took a step towards her.

I was crazy. The night felt so big and quiet—and she looked just like a kid in Charley's big coat. She must have been thinkin' somethin' herself, because she gave a little jump. "What did you say, Jerry?" she said.

I felt my knees start to go. "Listen, kid," I said—and just then hell broke loose.

THE boys only had the trucks half loaded when it happened, and it happened so quick the lookouts must have been blind. "Coast guard! Coast guard!" somebody yells as the fight begins. But I knew it wasn't that.

It was the Dyer bunch, out hijackin' for a change, and they certainly worked fast. Ordinarily, I suppose, I'd have stayed and mixed in the scrap—but I didn't that night. I just grabbed up Ada, coat and all, and ducked for the car.

It was parked by itself, off the road, and the Dyer gang and Charley's crowd were too busy mixin' it to notice what we were doin'. But all the same I was just prayin' till the engine turned over and I had her out and in high. As it was, some bozo took a couple of cracks at us with his gat, just for luck—but shootin' like that is liable to be wild.

I know I drove like a wild man for the first few miles. You see, she was there in the front seat beside me, shakin' all over and sayin' to herself in a whisper, "Don't take me back, Jerry—oh, Jerry, don't take me back!" And "I won't take you back, kid," I kept sayin'.

After a while, though, I got her quieter and "Where are we goin'?" she says.

"I'm goin' to take you—" I says, and stops.

What I'd been goin' to do was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Little
Boy Blue
ORIGINAL CONDENSED LIQUID
BLUING

LITTLE BOY BLUE BLUING is *all* blue clear through—not two-thirds water like most liquid bluing—not part useless powder such as most bluing in dry form.

That is why LITTLE BOY BLUE BLUING never streaks or spots—why it is the most efficient, the most economical of all bluings. And the little bottle, with the handy dropper cap, makes it the easiest to use and the most convenient.

Send 2c stamp for illustrated Book of Child's Fairy Stories, "The Bear Wedding"

The John Puhl Products Co.
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Little **Bo-Peep**
"FLEECY WHITE" QUALITY
AMMONIA

25¢ L-V DUST CLOTH

made of specially woven fabric "Crepette" for only 10c and

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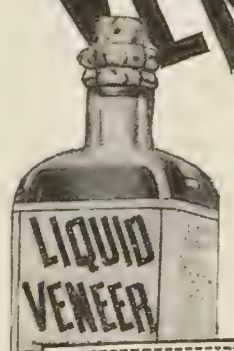

A few drops on your dust cloth cleans down to the original beauty and luster of the finish. It nourishes and preserves any varnished or enameled surface.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

to take her home. But when she asked me that, I remembered somethin' that seein' her had knocked clean out of my mind. The missus and the kids were away at mother's and wouldn't be back till Monday, and I was the only person at the house. Well, when I remembered that it gave me a jolt; but I was crazy all right that night.

"I don't know where we're goin', but we're on our way," I says, and steps on the gas.

Well, that was the first time I'd ever really heard her laugh. Then we started to talk—I hadn't talked that way to a girl in years. And she—it was like she'd never really talked to anybody before. We told each other our real names and where we got off and everything.

IT'S bad to be wise. You got to be wise in my business—and it's bad. Because the more she told the more I saw—just a nice kid, and if she'd been raised proper she'd have married somebody decent enough and been happy. And raised the way she was, she was what she was, and not so different inside at that.

Well, we got to my place, and I ran the car in the driveway and shut off the motor.

"Here we are," I said. "Take a look around."

"Is this your place, Jerry—the place you was tellin' me about?"

"And not a motion picture," I says.

Well, she stayed quiet for a while, lookin' at it.

"Well, how does it strike you?" I says.

She says: "It's a grand place, Jerry. I didn't know you could have a place like that."

The way she said it, I could have bawled—no kiddin'. As if it was a grand kind of place, you know—a real kind of place.

I had to do somethin' to snap us out of it—and, praises be, I thinks of the garage.

"Wait," I said. "You don't know the half of it." And I hands her out of the bus and we go over to the garage door.

"Don't open that door yet," I says—I felt just like a kid playin' a game—"but shut your eyes and count twenty and open it then." And I hike around to the side door and slip in and snap on the lights, and when she's counted twenty and opened the door, there I am, in the bartender's coat and the trick mustache, leanin' an elbow on the bar.

"Well, lady, what'll you have?" I says—the old line. I'd only done it to cheer her up, if you get me, and I wanted her to laugh. But she doesn't laugh—she just takes one look at me and starts to cry.

I got her outside in the cool, where we didn't have to look at each other under the lights; and she sat down on the runnin' board of the car and cried in her hands.

I—my God, I don't know what I did! Walked around, I guess, and kicked at the grass, and wished Charley the Wop had bumped me off in that room where I first saw her.

Finally her cryin' stops. "I love you, Jerry," she said in her little voice.

"I guess I'm a nut," she says, with a shaky sort of laugh. "I guess I'm a bum all right. I never knew I could be such a bum."

"I guess we're both bums," I says. "I guess we can't help it. But, Ada——"

"Oh, I know," she says. "But—goin' back to Charley, Jerry—" She stops a minute. "I know what'll happen—with me and Charley," she says.

My voice sounded funny to me.

"If he treats you bad you tell me," I said. "I can fix Charley."

"Oh, it isn't that," she said. "He's not bad. But he ain't you. I'd stick to somebody I was crazy over, wouldn't I, Jerry?"

"You bet you would," I said. I couldn't say much more—the last thing she said had pretty near got me, as it was.

"So that's the way it'll be," she says in that tired little don't-care voice. "Well, I guess it don't matter so much, at that. But, *Jerry*—" she says, and turns towards me.

I could see her face clear enough—there was light enough for that—and for a couple of seconds it didn't seem like there was anything else in the world.

I didn't have to tell Ada what I was feelin'. She knew. Funny what people say—times like that. Not things you'd expect—just ordinary things. In the movies, I suppose she'd have said "My darling" or "Love me and the world is mine," or some such truck. But life ain't like the movies, much. She didn't say anything fancy.

I was still wearin' that fool bartender's white coat of mine—and she looks at it a minute, twistin' her hands—and then all she says is, "Button your coat up, Jerry—you'll catch cold out here, wearin' that thin coat." And then, when I kept lookin' at her, she starts to button it up for me herself—without thinkin'—the way your wife would do.

Ain't it crazy, the little things that knock you for a loop? The minute she started to button that coat—somehow—I went cold all over. Because that was just what the missus used to say about that old coat—and button it up for me too, without thinkin', the top button first. And suddenly it wasn't Ada's fingers doin' that—it was the missus'—just the way she used to when we first got acquainted.

"Button your coat up, Jerry!" she'd say. "You'll catch your death of cold."

I'd sneak out from work to meet her in the alley, and we'd only have a few minutes together, walking up and down, with the stars out, big and dim.

Holdin' hands we'd probably be. And there used to be a look on her face—half scared and half soft and half—oh, I don't know what—call it grand. And now there was just the same kind of look on Ada's face—and Ada was buttonin' that coat.

Maybe I'm just coo-coo. But when I see Ada's face like that, and her hands on my coat instead of the missus', I remember other things—little, funny things: the kids when they cried, and the first dollar bill I took in over the bar and brought home to show her.

So I guess I went clean off my nut right then—because, "No, kid," I says, and gives her hands back to her. Then she's still lookin' at me and I don't know what to say. So I look away from her, up at the sky, and there's the same old stars the missus and me used to look at.

SO, "Look at those things up there, kid!" I says, half yellin'. "They don't cheat. They'd fall out of the sky if they did and crack us right open. I guess if they can stand it we can—we've all got to stand *somethin'*, I guess——"

And then I bog down and can't spill anythin' more for a while, or do anythin' either, except keep my eyes away from Ada and look at the stars. After a while I see Ada is lookin' up at 'em too, and her face is different and the don't-care look comes back to it.

Well, that was all there was to it. We got in the car and went back and met with Charley—tearin' mad because the Dyer crowd had got away with one of his trucks. He didn't ask where we'd been and I didn't tell him. And after that job was through I started to buy direct.

I let him know one thing, though, before we bust up—I let him know he'd get fixed if he treated Ada bad. I didn't care what he thought—he knew me—and he took it all right at the time. Only now, lookin' back at it, I get wonderin', now and then. You see, in a story the finish would be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Off...to Orland
Old Orchard
or Atlantic City

"ALL ABOARD!" A shower of good-byes . . waving handkerchiefs .. and you are off. Trig looking garments securely tucked away in your Mendel "Dust-Proof" Wardrobe Trunk.

With what confidence you arrive! A confidence which lends unusual charm and dignity. You know your Mendel "Dust-Proof" Wardrobe Trunk has made the trip like a trusty sentinel, shielding every garment from the tiniest splotch of soot or dust.

The *interlocking* tongue and groove steel frame around both halves holds the trunk rigid and makes it "Dust-Proof and Warp-Proof," A protective feature found only in a Mendel.

Your dealer is ready to serve you . . . go and try the new "Easy Opening" Mendel yourself . . . examine its "Dust-proof" frame; know what the many exclusive Mendel features mean to your travel comfort.

And now..the "*Easy Opening*" Mendel.. a marvel of convenience, opens so quickly, so smoothly, it seems like magic how the hanger section swings out with the gentlest push. No tugging, back-strain or pulling .. no scars on floors, no rumples in rugs.

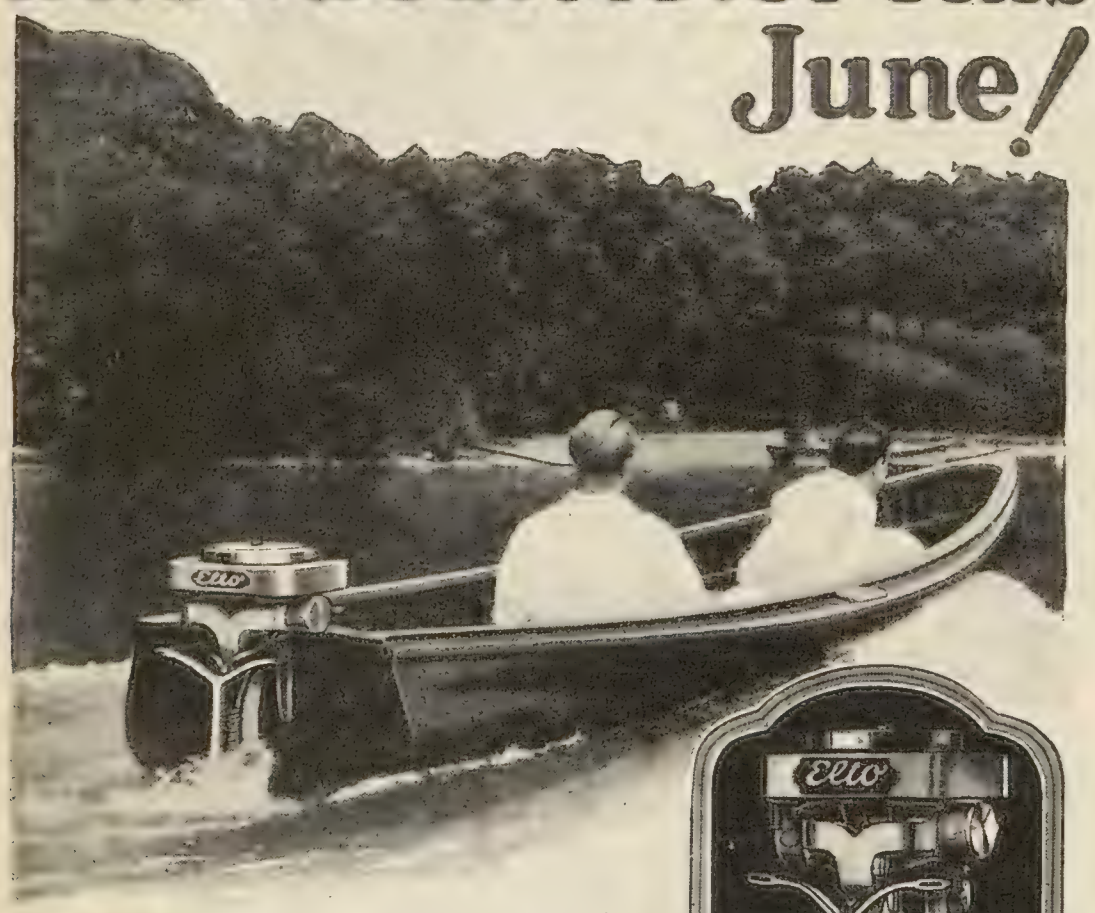
THE MENDEL-DRUCKER COMPANY

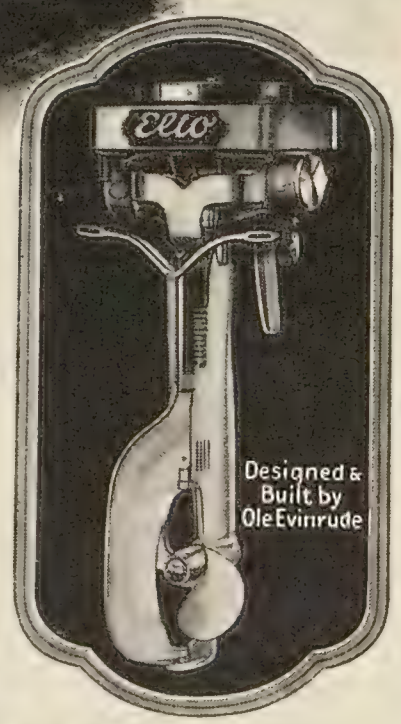
CINCINNATI, OHIO

MENDEL TRUNX

DUST-PROOF WARP-PROOF

To you who will buy a Rowboat Motor This June!





JUNE! All of summer is ahead! Soon you will say "I must buy that motor today." Then be fortified with these facts—that you can get *one* motor that is suited to any type of boat you may wish to use—*one* motor in which *great* power, *light* weight and *easy* portability combine to matchlessly meet your every need.

The Super Elto

"Starts with a Quarter Turn"

It gives you generous 4 h. p. for your substantial family boat. And on the stern of speed boat or canoe the Super Elto gives you foaming, victorious speed—up to 14 miles per hour! Its light weight and extreme compactness enables it to serve you equally well on your long distance fishing trip. And the Super Elto gives you—

Easy, Quarter-turn Starting—that's the vital quality which makes the Super Elto the motor for every member of the family! No need to turn the flywheel over compression! No starting devices needed. The quarter turn flip of the flywheel merely acts as a trigger to release the big, hot spark. Nothing more than a finger-tip job—an end to stubborn starting forever.

Steer, Slow down, speed up or stop motor from any part of boat. An exclusive Super Elto feature. Boat can now be balanced on an even keel for *speed and safety* even when riding alone. And the famous *Elto Rudder Steering* insures safe turning at any speed—holds boat on course without constant steering—leaves hands free for rod or gun.

Silent, Odorless, Underwater Exhaust. New fishgill principle. No cloud of fumes—no disturbing motor roar.

Not only Ability but Durability, too! Outstandingly large bearing area, highest quality of materials and precision workmanship mean utmost durability under severest conditions.

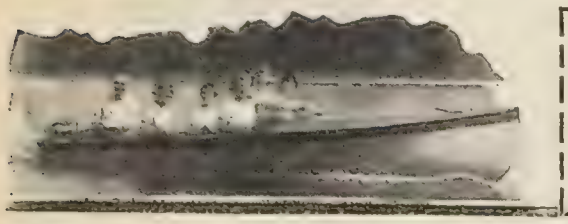
Designed by Ole Evinrude—climaxing achievement of the pioneer outboard builder!

Send for the Super Elto catalog! Then when you buy you'll have sound knowledge of motor construction, capabilities and value. *But if you haven't time before you buy, be sure of this*—that *this* summer, *next* summer and for many more summers a Super Elto will give you Super *service* on *any* type of boat—give you enduring value as well as surpassing performance.

We'll hurry the catalog special delivery if you'll ask it on the coupon below.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY, DEPT. 53, MFR'S HOME BLDG.
OLE EVINRUDE, President
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Turns the Rowboat into a Launch"



Send Coupon for Catalog

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Dept. 53, Mfr's Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Send me the new Super Elto catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

[THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS Continued from Page Forty-nine]

good or bad, and Ada and me would be good or bad, according to how we behaved. But, as it is, we're just people—and people don't feel good or bad that way—they just feel mixed.

Hell, ain't there *any* rules you can go by? A man can't go it alone all the time. Because it happened three years ago—and it never was nothin', really—but it shook me up, somewhere inside—and I ain't got over it yet.

Ain't there anything, then, that can give you the low-down? You're educated—you've had courses about morals and such when you went to college. Ain't there anything closer than stars to give an ordinary guy the right dope?

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

'Jections Wanted!

Little Jimmy watched the painter tint the ceiling in our dining-room and asked: "Please, Mr. Painter, can me tum up?"

The painter, busy on the top of his ladder, answered off-hand: "I've no objections!"

Jimmy came racing into the kitchen to me and asked in a most worried and concerned manner: "Muvver, can me go to a 'tore and buy sombe 'jections for the painter man? "—L. T., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Who'd Have Thought It!

Jack, seven, and Charlie, eleven, were watching me skim a pitcher of milk. After several minutes the older boy said:

"Mother, why is it that the cream comes to the top of the milk?"

Without giving me a chance to answer, Jack exclaimed: "Because, don't you know, if the cream would stay at the bottom, people couldn't skim it off! "—G. T., New York City.

* * *

She Wanted Her to Shrink

Little Ellen heard it explained that "shrink" means "to grow smaller." A few evenings later we went to a movie and in front of Ellen's seat sat a very stout woman. After squirming around for some time in her seat, trying to look past the wide shoulders of the woman in front, Ellen leaned over and whispered: "Please, lady, do you mind shrinking a little so I can see the picture? "—M. A. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

A Bad Buy

It was Jack's first trip to the lake and he had been provided with his own little bathing suit, bought for the occasion. Being lowered into the water, its coldness startled him and he cried out, "Daddy, take this bathing suit back. It's no good. It leaks."—L. E. H., Flint, Mich.

"A matter of course, like brushing your teeth," says JOHNS, the druggist.

he means

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

THAT well-groomed look! It's a mark of success, and a reason why business men everywhere use Glo-Co Hair Dressing each day. It keeps the hair in place.

There's nothing greasy or sticky about Glo-Co Hair Dressing. It's a liquid, making the hair soft so you can comb it any way you like. Moreover, it's good for the scalp. Your doctor would recommend it. Stimulates the hair to new growth and helps to keep dandruff away.

Dandruff is the forerunner of baldness. If you have it, watch out. Take a Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp to soften the scurf, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. It frees the scalp from every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing or Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6511 McKinley Ave., Lost Angeles, California.

FRECKLES

Othine Will Remove These Ugly Spots Quickly and Safely

Gives a Beautiful Complexion

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

Four American invaders at Hoylake, England, in 1921. (Left to right) P. Hunter, F. Ouimet, R. Jones, and F. Wright, Jr.

I'm a Badly Licked Champion

America's Golf Genius Meets Disaster on His First Fling at Europe

By

FRANCIS OUIMET

FRANCIS OUIMET won the National Open championship in 1913, when he was nineteen years old. To accomplish this undreamed-of victory he had to defeat the pick of American golfdom besides two sterling British players—Harry Vardon and Ted Ray.

Ouimet tied the two Englishmen in the championship match and beat them in a three-cornered play-off. It has been called the greatest triumph in the history of golf in America.

When he was ten, Ouimet started playing golf at Brookline with a battered ball and an ancient driver. His course was a cow pasture. At fifteen he made a creditable showing in an interscholastic tournament in Boston. From then on he improved his game until he became one of the country's leading players. Today he ranks with the best.

PART FIVE

OF HIS OWN STORY OF HIS GOLF LIFE

I WAS the most befuddled young man in the universe for months after winning that Open championship. I had offers to play everywhere. I might have turned pro, and some of the bids offered startling salaries. The newspaper syndicate was coming into style, and I was bombarded with requests to become an author. I continued to play golf, and when a team was organized to go to England I jumped at the chance to become a member.

I left Boston early in the spring on the Lapland. I wanted to play golf in England, but I never had much chance. There were crowds everywhere. I was news. The reporters sat around and watched me eat, then wrote columns on the fact I had two cups of coffee for breakfast. They gave me about as much privacy as a window model.

My golf was wretched and the papers carried daily headlines—Boy Champion Beaten Again. I didn't play half a dozen good rounds in England, but after I grew used to the mobs I had plenty of fun. I met most of the big English pros and amateurs, and picked up many points on golf. Jerry Travers played some wonderful golf when he first landed, but by the time the championships came along he had gone stale. All of us were lonesome and homesick when the showdown arrived.

Chick went through five rounds of the Ama-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PAZO OINTMENT

Ends Irritation at Once

PILES must go when Pazo Ointment is applied, because it is positive in action. It begins immediately to take out the inflammation and reduce all swelling. The first application brings great relief.

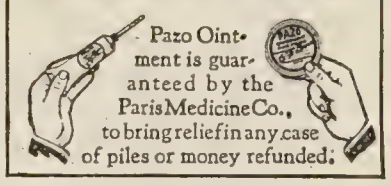
Pazo Ointment stops itching instantly and quickly relieves irritation. Severe tests in cases of long standing have proved that Pazo Ointment can be depended upon with absolute certainty to stop any form of piles.

Pazo Ointment is widely recommended by physicians and druggists both in the United States and abroad.

All druggists sell Pazo Ointment in tubes with pile pipe attachment, 75c, or in tin boxes, 60c. The circular enclosed with each tube and box contains facts about piles which you ought to know.

Get it from your druggist or if you prefer send stamps or money order to

Guarantee



Pazo Ointment is guaranteed by the Paris Medicine Co., to bring relief in any case of piles or money refunded.

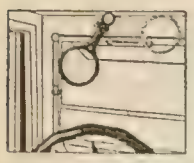
PARIS MEDICINE CO., Pine and Beaumont Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SELL LIFE PROTECTION

Startling Demonstration Makes Salesmen $30 in Ten Minutes

Based on Natural Principle

When you look towards the sun, you shade your eyes with your hand. That's the principle of the Lee-See Glare Shield.



For Open or Closed Cars

Fits any make of car, open or closed. Easily installed. By day, it serves as rear view mirror. Handsome ornament.

$140.40 sales in one day for Jack Rhanney! $226.20 profit in a month for Darnell, working evenings only! $82.00 profit the first week for George Smith! Over $10.00 a day for C. D. Simpson in spare time! That's how fast this 30-second demonstration makes money for you!

AMAZING NEW GLARE SHIELD BANISHES FEAR OF NIGHT DRIVING

Night—a dark road—a sudden turn—a racing car swerves near with headlights blinding—CRASH! Now this fear is banished forever. Over 100,000 motorists now drive at night in safety, protected by a new kind of glare shield.

The Most Frequent Cause of Accidents

Ask any motorist what he dreads most about night driving. "Flashing headlights." 21,000 killed last year—and statistics prove blinding headlights to be the most frequent cause of auto accidents at night.

The Lee-See assures drivers perfect safety, no matter how narrow the road. It dims glare—yet you see every inch of clear space ahead of you. Car owners instantly recognize its common sense principle. That's why your sales close quick and your profits are sure.

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Spring and Summer is when motorists tour most. Now is your big cleanup time. Everything is in your favor. Exclusive territories to qualified agents. Every car needs the Lee-See Glare Shield and stores can't sell it. A powerful 30-second demonstration. An amazing low price, yet highest commissions. A unique automatic profit plan. And many more exclusive advantages. This may be the thing you've always wanted. The coupon brings you full details. Get out your pencil.

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Established 1903

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Yes, send me full details without obligation.

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City.....State.....

[I'M A BADLY LICKED CHAMPION] Continued from Page Fifty-one

teur, while Jerry fell out on the first one, and I went down in the second. That was at Sandwich, and the English galleries didn't get a favorable impression of American golf. My one bit of consolation on the whole trip was victory in the French championship at La Boulie.

The English Open followed. It was played at Prestwick, in Scotland, after a qualification at Troon. I had begged Arthur Lockwood to come home with me from France, but he refused to listen. He said we owed it to the golfing public to play in that Open. So we did. I didn't care what happened, was relaxed, and qualified well up with a pair of seventy-sevens.

I have seen many golf crowds, but never another like that Prestwick mob. The course is near Glasgow and two or three other cities, and there were fully fifteen thousand swarming about the first fairway when I started.

Families and villages attended in bulk, bringing lunches and having a real picnic time of it. The smallest kids know the game, though nobody pays any attention to what we call etiquette. Some ten thousand people followed me after a good tee shot at the first. I was alone with my partner when I had played three bad holes.

That Open saw the famous battle between Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor, each of whom had won it five times. Taylor was leading by two strokes after three rounds, and the great veterans were paired in the last eighteen. Taylor hit a poor tee shot on the fourth, a slice into a burn, which cost him a seven, and Vardon went ahead, and would not be caught. I never will forget the tense expressions on the faces of these two warriors as they fought it out, with twenty thousand excited fans rushing around.

THAT first trip abroad did me more good than ever I can tell. I found out that the golf I had been playing was little more than hitting the ball. I didn't know the fine points. I discovered that stop could be applied with irons on low shots as well as high and that battling gales was a distinct art with our overseas cousins. I picked up many niceties of iron play, learned to hit the ball crisply and with more certainty.

I came back to America in July, and, believe me, the islands in Boston harbor looked good. That was in the fateful summer of 1914. I missed the declaration of war by a month.

The finely kept American courses seemed easy after the rugged alien links. All my confidence returned the first day out. I was hitting the ball for more distance and working new shots with surprising

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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would make an immense difference in your attractiveness. Try it, and see! Instantly your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant—transforms your eyes into expressive deep shadowy pools of loveliness. Nothing else gives quite the same magic effect as Solid Maybelline or the new harmless, waterproof Liquid form.

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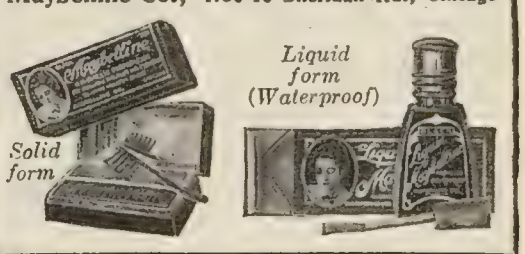

Ask Her How She Got Thin

In every circle you see many people who have lost their excess fat. Probably some of your friends are among them. When you meet one ask how she reduced, and we think she will tell you Marmola.

The modern way to fat reduction is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It strikes at the cause of the trouble, which usually lies in a gland. No exercise or diet is required. You simply take four tablets of Marmola daily until the weight comes down to normal. The way is easy, pleasant, prompt.

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Investigate Marmola. Fat is a blight to beauty, health and fitness. It adds years to one's age. Learn how easily countless folks eliminate it now.

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A192

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

success. That was as I wished it, for it was up to me to go to Midlothian in Chicago to defend my Open title. The field was fast, but I felt sure I would make a good showing.

Qualifying in that test came easily, and I was a very chipper young man when I holed a birdie three in the first round of medal play and registered a 69. I went over to the score board and saw one 72 and quite a few scores a bit higher. I turned to chat with someone. There was a murmur from the crowd. I looked around and the scorer was jotting down a 68.

"Who was mean enough to do that?" I asked the boy.

"Walter Hagen," he told me.

THIS young pro had been well up in the field at Brookline the year before. And here he was leading the field in his second national tournament. Walter had no part of a soft assignment in that field, but he was a great fighter. He hung grimly to his lead right to the finish. Chick Evans, after a poor start, hunted Walter courageously to the last green, and just missed tying his 290 on the final putt. I managed to wind up in a fourth-place tie with Mike Brady and Jimmy Donaldson. That was the first time the amateurs as a group threatened the professional grip on this crown.

That Open was fun for me, and I was pleased with my record, but I was mighty serious when it came to the '14 Amateur, played at Ekwanok, in Manchester, Vermont. Two years before I had established the course record there, with a 70 in a club tournament. The next day I scored an 86 in a four-ball match with Fred Herreshoff as a partner against Walter Travis and Warren Cockran.

I had regular training quarters at Manchester. Fred Martin, son of the genial proprietor of the Equinox Hotel, fitted up a dormitory for three of us—Ray Gorton, Henry Stucklen, and me. He called us his stable and made us observe very rigid rules. He had the right idea, for we did very well in the qualification. Gorton knotted a pair of seventy-twos together and tied Bill Fownes for the medal. I was runner-up, just one stroke behind them. Stucklen fell by the wayside, but two out of three was good enough for Mister Martin.

My first opponent in the match part of that championship was Max Marston, who won the title in 1923. First matches are only eighteen holes, and I dislike them. There's too much chance for luck, whereas over the double route class will always tell. Max and I had a red-hot battle. Playing the fourteenth we were even. Max hit a tremendous tee shot over a yawning sand pit, to within forty yards of the green. I forgot to look at the ball, topped it, and rolled into the ditch. The ball stopped under a birch tree and I had to play out sideways and then pitch a hundred yards to the green. My ball stopped twelve feet from the cup.

This wasn't so good, until Max, lifting over a tiny trap, was too strong and rolled to the far edge

Francis Ouimet as he looked as a doughboy during the war.

of the green. His return chip was four feet shy. We were alike—three each. I banged my twelve-footer right for the hole. It hit the tin, jumped, and dropped. Then Marston missed his putt, we halved the next four, and I passed into the second round.

Bob Gardner was the next enemy. Usually he is one of the toughest customers found on any man's course, but he had been vacationing in Maine and wasn't ready. He fell, nine and seven, I think it was, and I moved a notch nearer the coveted glory.

It was in this tourney that Jesse Guilford, the famous Siege Gun, made his appearance, and his playing was the talk of the championship. Fred Herreshoff had been famous as the greatest hitter in the country, but Jess took that honor away in short order. He was drawn with Fred in the first round, calmly teed up, and pasted a beauty two hundred and eighty yards down the middle, over a cross bunker placed to catch a poor second shot. Guilford put Fred out in that first round, and when Eben Byers knocked down Chick Evans, two of the favorites had gone before the fight was really on.

My third opponent was Willie Howland of Chicago, and while I was beating him, my roomie, Ray Gorton, was engaging Bill Fownes in a historic match. We had discussed stymies the night before, and Ray admitted he had never played one. He reached the thirty-sixth hole all square with Fownes. After each had played four, Fownes was stony dead an inch from the cup and Gorton was three feet away, stymied.

"This will be good," he told the crowd. Then he took two practice chops with his niblick, and lifted his ball right over the Fownes obstacle and buried it dead center in the cup. But a thirty-foot stymie greeted Gorton in the thirty-seventh green, and he couldn't jump that one.

I WANT Bill Fownes to read this: I had to play him next, and both Gorton and I were sure the extra-hole match would soften William up. What a delusion that was! I played good golf, but never could shake Bill. Three times on the short holes I made twos, and the best I could get was a half. I came to the thirty-fifth one down.

There was little to choose between our tee shots on the thirty-fifth, though Bill was slightly in front. I played a good mashie to the terraced green, but it hit a hill and jumped back instead of climbing. Fownes was short with his approach, then chipped to within eight feet of the hole. I was on the edge of the green, but I had to roll up a three-foot mound. My ball behaved beautifully and stopped three feet from the cup. Bill missed his eight-footer, I tapped my little one in, and the match was squared.

The last hole at Manchester called for two wooden shots as a rule, but my drive was extra long, and I decided to use a cleek. There was a bad ditch fifty yards out, and I wanted to be accurate, for Fownes, with a spoon, had pushed his second into the short rough well to the right of the green. But I wished my caddie's approval of the club. The boy was named Arthur Reid, and he was a great caddie. He had the brassie ready for me when I came to my ball.

"How about a cleek?" I asked him.

"You can't get there with a cleek," Arthur remonstrated.

"Not if I hit a good one?" I persisted.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"As easy as falling off a log!"

Make your own pure beverages at home—it's easy now!

EVEREDY CAPPER

Children make play out of work with the New Improved Everedy Spring Handle Lift Bottle Capper. So simple—so easy—so fascinating to operate! One downstroke of the handle and bottle is capped—air-tight. Then the new spring attachment snaps Capper back in position for the next bottle—quick as a wink!

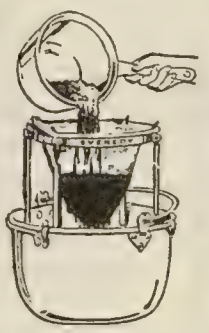
Time, work and worry saved in bottling delicious rootbeer and ginger ale made from Hires' Household Extracts and home-made grape juice.

No more corking. No more sealing wax troubles. No leaks. No fermentation or evaporation. Everedy seals the bottle air-tight—water-tight. EVEREDY CAPS ANY SIZE BOTTLE AT ONE OPERATION with Crown Caps, which can be bought at any store. Fine for bottling catsups, relishes and sauces.

A handsome all-steel utensil with padded base of corrugated rubber. No slipping—no breakage—never sticks. Gives speed and power with little effort. Built to last a lifetime.

New Improved Everedy Capper, Spring Handle $1.75

You need this when you make jelly!



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Patented
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Ten Miles from Nowhere

Another blowout—a rim to remove—a tube to replace—

You'll never worry if you have a Pacific Junior Rim Tool

A bothersome job—this rim changing without the proper tool to work with. But a simple, quick job when you have the Pacific Junior Rim Tool.

This Rim Tool is a veritable little mechanic, with the strength of five men. Its strength is in the Jack Screw—you simply turn the handle to lift out the most resistant rim. Replacing is just as easy. Absolutely safe.

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PACIFIC RIM JUNIOR TOOL

[I'M A BADLY LICKED CHAMPION] Continued from Page Fifty-three

"It will have to be a great shot," said Arthur.

"Give me that cleek," I told him, "and I'll make a great shot."

I never timed any shot more perfectly. The ball sailed from a cuppy lie, right for the flag. It stopped dead on the green, twenty feet from the cup. Bill, still fighting, played up to within fifteen feet from the rough. I tried for my three, but made sure my ball would stop where there could be no chance of my missing the four. It halted a few inches from the hole. Fownes putted with that beautiful flowy stroke of his and the ball started right for the target. Three feet away it was in. Suddenly it lost speed, curled lazily a couple of times, and stopped on the rim of the cup. I waited seconds to see it drop of its own weight. It was anchored, though, and the match was mine. Fownes had been so softened up by Gorton that I had to shoot two rounds of 71 to get into the finals with Jerry Travers, the champion, who had beaten Walter Travis.

THE opportunity of my life had arrived. I felt like a baby with the moon falling into his lap. I was ordered to bed early, but grew interested in a poker game, and stuck around till long after midnight. Then I went into one of my golf trances. I slept as peacefully as a night watchman, and never woke until nine o'clock, so that I had to rush to keep my appointment with Jerry. I remembered how Eddie Lowery's advice about keeping the head down had helped me in the Open at Brookline, and I made Arthur Reid instruct me on every shot, just as Eddie did.

I found myself hitting tee shots that day with less effort than ever before. And I was getting greater distance. My iron play was consistent and good. My putting, though, was as bad as the rest of my play was smart. Travers wasn't going any too well, for him, but he had me one down at the thirteenth.

Along about this time I decided that I must be looking up on my putts. I kept my eyes glued to the ball thereafter, and the birdies began to sing. I finished the morning round one up and took my speed into the play after lunch. Travers never caught the style that made him a demon match player and at the twenty-seventh hole I was six up. Three greens later I was dormy six. I halved the next one and won the title.

Some close-ups of the master golfers of our day, including Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen, are the high lights of Mr. Ouimet's story in the next issue of LIBERTY. It is called Great Fellows, These Golfers.

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It shouldn't feel like a man's face. Underarm skin surfaces rub. Sharp cut hairs prick and show. On legs such cut hair ruins fine stockings. And always shaving makes the skin become coarse and the hair heavier.

This free test shows a far better method of removing hair. At the roots. Simply by dissolving it. Send the coupon and see.

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Avoid Imitations

Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

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Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

At drug and shoe stores—35¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

For *Free Sample* write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Flying Death

I FOUND her under the wreck of her wings, afloat. "Don't," she said. "Don't—don't take me out."

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Air Pirates Attack the World's Greatest Ship in a Battle to the Death

By Edwin Balmer

"THEY'VE decided on the ship attack!" cried Helen Lacey to me. "They're going to sink the Wotan."

I straightened, staring at her. I knew that the Wotan, the world's greatest and fastest vessel, was making its maiden voyage; that it carried ten thousand passengers and thirty millions in platinum, gold bullion, and precious stones. Loot beyond the dreams of buccaneers!

Two men—Henry Bane and Cawder—had evolved the audacious plan of seizing autocratic power by a *coup d'etat*. The first step was to be the sinking of the Wotan with airplanes and ton bombs of TNT.

Cawder had been broken by a fall from an airplane, and his energies diverted to gigantic dreams. Bane's mother had been murdered by an ex-convict whom Helen Lacey's father, a politician, had got released. The shock had definitely unhinged Bane. Helen, trying to help him, had inspired his love, though she shrank from him. Touched with genius, he had perfected a type of airplane that could be controlled by radio from a second plane.

Pete Logan and I, navy flyers, together with Helen Lacey and her father, had been held fellow captives in Bane's great house. While locked in a room there I received a message—incomprehensible, yet it gave me hope: the numerals 18-35-21, penciled on a napkin brought in with my supper. I believed that Sally Gessler, a guest in the house, was the sender of this message. She was mad about Bane, though he ignored her.

Long before dawn, on the morning of the attack on the Wotan, Pete and I were put into planes controlled by radio, and our hands locked to the steering wheels in front of us. We had no power over our machines. I knew that Helen, too, was to be forced to play the part of spectator—perhaps in a machine with Bane.

When all was ready, the squadron of which Pete and I were helpless units flew eastward. In the dawn's faint light, we rushed toward the doomed Wotan.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Make A Week's Pay in One Day

Make this test and find out whether you can earn $5,000 to $10,000 a year. To make sure of $400 to $600 a month may be far easier than you think. Many of our representatives are making $500 and more a month. Probably more men are making $5,000 a year—or more—with the Fyr-Fyter Company than with any other direct selling company in the world. And it is easier now than it has ever been before!

Fyr-Fyter is the most perfect fire prevention device ever invented. It bears the label of the Underwriters Laboratories. Fire Chiefs everywhere urge and endorse it. Hundreds of America's largest factories use it. After exhaustive tests, The U. S. Government purchased over 250,000 Fyr-Fyters. There is a size and type for every building in America.

Every month, by hundreds and by thousands, American factories and homes are turning to this new way to fight fire. The field is enormous. Only 5% of the possible market has been supplied. Practically every factory, home, store, garage, school, church, hotel, theatre and public building is in need of fire prevention equipment. That's why Fyr-Fyter men find it easy to earn $100 to $300 a week. That's why any number of men report earnings of

$50 In One Day

That's why you, too, can make this your lifetime opportunity.

T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, who made over $600 in one month and who has made as high as $122.50 in a day, says: "I am firmly convinced that any man joining the Fyr-Fyter force and working 8 hours a day will soon show a profit of $5,000 a year."

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We give you an opportunity to join one of the highest-paid sales organizations in America. See how easy it is to start in almost any way that is convenient to you. Send for this free book, "Building a Permanent Income." See how W. E. Saal, Ohio, made $100 in six hours. How Hickey, Ont., made $148 in one day. How Payne, Iowa, made $159 his first 3 days. We do not ask you to do a day's work that will not pay you well. We give you a 90-page manual that covers every point. It tells you exactly what to say and what to do. Don't make the mistake of trying to judge how much you can make, before you read these full facts on this unparalleled opportunity. Mail the coupon now for the full plan.

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Without obligation, send me full particulars, and a copy of "Building a Permanent Income," free.

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[FLYING DEATH Continued from Page Fifty-five]

PART SIX

THE roll of the Wotan's passengers ran in my mind, and the catalogue of the loot, as I watched the bombing biplanes descend. They flew straight for the ship, and from below the first plane in the line a bomb was released.

Down, and looping slightly forward, the bomb dropped and struck the water beside the ship. It dotted the sea with a spot of white. The white mightily erupted and upheaved. I watched the water no longer. I stared at the ship.

Its lights were out. That I saw before I saw it stagger. It swayed, swung, and lurched to the right. The terrific shock of the explosion first had registered on the electrical installation. Then seams opened, engines stopped, steering gear was smashed. Only momentum bore the Wotan on. With the lights, the radio, likely, had been wrecked. It could send no call for help, no appeal to the shore.

From my height overhead I could see on the sky deck only little specks appearing, clustering and scattering and clustering thicker and thicker as more pushed up from below. Passengers they were, I knew; people in pandemonium scrambling and screaming for the boats.

Yet, I saw, too, that discipline survived among the crew. Below, electricians worked at the lights—and, beyond doubt, also at the radio—for the lights flashed on.

Instantly another bomb went down on the other side. It burst and the lights went out and stayed out. The specks on the sky deck shook and scattered at the shock like little shot on a tray that is tapped. The helplessness of the ship had passed beyond Bane's boast. If he had miscalculated, his error had been in the overuse of his power. The ship might not remain afloat long enough to be looted.

Those clustering, scrambling specks about the boats on the sky deck—those specks which were men and women and children—proclaimed that the passengers were sure the ship was sinking.

FAR away, beyond sight from the Wotan, I saw a steamer; in a different direction, another; a third. None was near enough for quick aid, and I know, now, that none had been summoned. If one blundered up, a bomb from a biplane would wreck it, too.

Kinvarra was swinging me and himself back toward the ship. Above it, three biplanes, with their bombs like great evil eggs below them, steadily circled. Higher circled the six machines of Bane's immediate command. The other six of our squadron clung to the ceiling. The fourth bomb-bearer I did not see until I scanned the water about the Wotan.

The little boats, speckled with thick clusters of dots which were men, women, and children, were being launched on the left side; for the ship, in settling, listed to the left. It listed so far, indeed, that launching appeared to be impossible on the right; at least, on that side no boats reached the water. I could see, on the sky deck, the scrambling specks trying to push starboard boats over to port to be dropped from the davits.

Now I discovered the fourth big biplane—on the water beside the sinking Wotan, on the right. The biplane had no bombs now. It had been lightened and had become a cargo carrier, capable of taking on two tons dead weight. So it was alongside, demanding—undoubtedly—the jewels and platinum and the thousands of pounds of bullion gold.

THE ship seemed to refuse or delay the delivery of it. Perhaps, in the panic, someone attacked the biplane's crew, for a signal went from the biplane on the water to the bombers in the air, and one of the evil eggs went down.

Not so near to the ship; not so near as the first two. Perhaps some mite of mercy moved the hand releasing that third ton of TNT; perhaps the hand considered solely that it must not too greatly hasten the sinking of the ship. The bomb splashed and burst to the left of the Wotan, on the opposite side from the biplane on the water; on the same side as the little boats launched all acluster with the specks that were men and women and children fleeing the ship.

I watched the wave from the burst of the bomb sweep upon them; I watched it toss and swamp them and smash them against the flank of the ship. I watched, wrenching at my wrists in the clamps binding me; and, watching, helpless to move a hand, I thought of Helen Lacey, in some airplane below there with Bane, also watching and seeing the little boats, crowded with specks, become boat bottoms and the specks bestrew the sea. In some way like me she was held, I supposed—held and shown what I had seen and was to see.

From the left of the sinking ship, little boats again dropped into the water—little boats covered with specks that were people who had seen, beyond doubt, the fate of the first boats, but had no other choice except to stay on a sinking ship.

As well be in the little boats as aboard the Wotan if another bomb went down.

I strained and squirmed in my manacles.

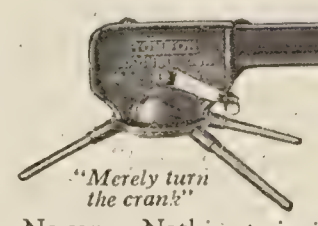
II

THE sun arose, and in the clear light I stared at the steel clamp binding my hands to the dummy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bang! Flash! Smoke! Yet a Safe and Sane "4th"

Thousands of real boys—and girls, too—will celebrate the 4th of July with the famous RONSON Machine Gun. Merely turn the crank and zing! bang!...a barrage of flashing machine gun fire. Your boy will revel over the realism of this safe plaything—providing all the thrill without the danger.



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No caps. Nothing to ignite. Made of steel, handsomely enameled in olive drab, mounted on tripod with legs of bright red. Simple to operate. Ready for action. Comes loaded with thousands of shots. Sold at nearly all toy and department stores. If your dealer has not yet stocked it, use coupon below—*now.*

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Enclosed find *$1. for RONSON Machine Gun, packed and loaded for action.
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Just wear this beautiful hand tailored FREE RAIN-PROOF Cap. When your friends see it, nine out of ten will want one like it. They can't resist the *Rain Proof* idea—it's so new and unique. You can make a splendid income in full or spare time. No experience is needed. "I haven't found a man who doesn't fall for the made-to-measure idea," writes Chas. Horstman. Send at once for FREE Selling Outfit. **Taylor Cap Mfgrs., Dept. G-117, Cincinnati, O.**

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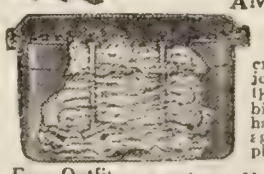

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WASH-RITE AUTO MOP CO., Dept. 14-L, St. Louis, Mo.

Jobbers, Dealers and Salesmen. Send for proposition.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

wheel. Three numerals confronted me in tiny figures marked into the steel: 7-15-10. A series of figures ran round the bands of the three circlets of steel that formed the fastening of my clamps. It was a combination circlet lock. The numerals in the napkin leaped with full meaning from my mind: 18-35-21.

I could not twist my fingers far enough to touch the circlets, but I could bend and catch them in my teeth. I had to straighten and see how far I had revolved each band. After fixing the first at 18, I turned it away twice before I fixed

I HUGGED Helen to me, trying to soothe her.

also the second at 35. The last was the hardest; but I got the three figures in line—and was free.

My hands were free, that is; but I could touch no control. They were in front of me in the pit, for the pilot who had taken me into the air and had leaped. I unbuckled the straps over my shoulders—and Kinvarra saw me. He saw that my hands were free; but he still had control of the plane.

Instantly he flung me forward, throwing me into a dive with engine on full. His idea, when I surprised him, was to crash me at full speed into the sea. If he had thought, at that first second, to overturn me, he'd have flung me out, for I had thrown off the straps so I could climb into the forward pit. But he did not think, at once, about tipping me out; he thought of crashing me into the sea, and so gave me seconds to scramble into that forward pit and grab the controls.

I could feel, as I shut off the engine and pulled on the elevators, that too late he was trying something else. He was trying to overturn me. Under my hands I felt the tug of the radio effort. But it was no match for my muscles. I flattened my flight and was free.

He—Kinvarra, who had held me in his hand a half minute ago—was after me. He followed, firing, trying now to shoot me down; but I expected it and dodged him.

I cut to the right, confusing him by flying through the fleet, which did not know that I was free.

The biplane from beside the ship was rising from the water with big bulges below its wings. These were not bombs nor bomb shaped; they were cubes—steel boxes, undoubtedly, which had been carried in collapsed form and now were expanded to contain the cargo of loot. Jewels they bore away, and the platinum, and a ton or two of the treasure of gold. But tons of bullion—actually tons by dead weight—remained aboard the Wotan, and a second biplane descended for its share.

It was the one that had laid the third frightful egg of TNT which, bursting, had swamped the little boats and swept the specks into the sea. A fourth bomb also it must have deposited. How or where it had exploded, or whether it had plunged harmlessly into the ocean, I did not know. I saw only that this biplane lacked both bombs; it, too, was become a cargo carrier descending, light, to take its tons of treasure.

I twinged to attack it; but it was no mark for me. It no longer dangled death over the specks on the sea. If I had a drum of machine-gun bullets to fire, I must spend them on the biplanes, with their eggs below them, swinging about and about on their beat over the ship.

I passed the cargo carrier and climbed, with Kinvarra after me but not gaining upon me. My plane was as swift as his.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rich or Poor —Don't You Hate to Throw Away Dull Razor Blades!

THERE is one thing a bloated plutocrat has in common with a day laborer — they both want the soothing satisfaction of a pleasant shave! Every day more people are realizing that an old razor blade can shave just as clean and smooth as a brand-new one, and a dollar invested in the Ingersoll Stropper will not only keep razor blades good for hundreds of perfect shaves but will also save you *from $5.00 to $10.00* every year in blade money. Over a million men are now using it.

The Ingersoll

DOLLAR STROPPER

is based on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to bring the edge of the blade automatically in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring the keenest cutting edge. It will last a lifetime and is so simple to use that a child can operate it. Sharpens any make of blade and makes each blade good for three hundred shaves saving you $5 to $10 a year on razor blades.

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If you have not had the stropper demonstrated to you mail the coupon with $1 and we will send you the complete outfit, including patent stropper (blade holder) and fine leather strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shave you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. The coupon is for your convenience.

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Amazing relief for you. Burning, aching tender, swollen, puffed, agonizing, calloused, torturing feet no longer necessary. Science has mastered foot trouble in marvelous CAL-O-CIDE. Wear shoes you like, don't be a cripple. One application of CAL-O-CIDE treatment and your are a new person, corns and callouses gone like magic. At your druggist, or send 35c for full size package, and valuable treatise on foot trouble.
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6-12-26

[FLYING DEATH
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

A two-seater, with a machine-gun, flew at me.

It had detached itself from the flight of six machines which I had considered Bane's immediate command. I dodged, climbed, and dived, zooming past a three-seater and next a single-seater.

I had only a flash of the face of the pilot, but I knew it was she—she in a single-seater! It meant—it must mean—that Bane had brought her along as he had Pete and me.

I flew beyond the formation over the sinking ship and contours of other airplanes confronted me—contours familiar, contours of my comrades—navy contours. They were single-seater planes like my own and Pete's of three days ago in which we had flown to sea; but this was a combat patrol armed with machine guns and arriving ready to fight.

They were only six; but it was clear that they flew with some realization of what was happening here. In attacking formation they came, and I banked about as I saw them.

KINVARRA, on my tail, fired through my wings; he made a pepper-pot top of the metal beside me. I could not get him in front of me, but I pointed at and trained my machine gun upon the two-seater, and fired. Then, at three angles, we flew away from each other.

Overhead, the pursuit and combat planes of Bane's fleet moved to westward. The squadron mustered six machines, since Kinvarra and I had left it.

Three of the planes were piloted by men; three by automatons—or, rather, two by wooden figures and the third by Pete, held helpless as any effigy. No one had sent him, in a napkin, the key to the lock on his wrists.

The six machines were flying in pairs, in a strange formation for combat—if you did not know their plan for the fight. They flew in fore-and-aft alignment by pairs—in front a radio-controlled plane; in the rear the pilot. They flew fast and straight for the navy planes, offering frontal attack; and fast and straight the six planes from the shore flew to accept it.

In each airplane a machine gun was fixed, which pointed with the airplane. It had no other aiming. You pointed your plane and fired. So you put your target directly before you; you flew at it as you fired. If you took time, you maneuvered, of course, to get behind your target, to put yourself on his tail and shoot him down without enabling him to fire at you; but when you had no time, you flew at him, firing, and he, firing, flew at you.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TEST
"I have examined a sample of "NOBURN" with a quartz spectroscope . . . I also experimented on the forearm exposed to intense radiations from the quartz mercury arc. No burns occurred when "NOBURN" was applied. Areas unprotected were very much reddened."
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Relieves the pain. Cleanses and protects cavity. Retards decay. Destroys odor. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

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To earn over $100 weekly on our liberal cash commission basis as local representative for nationally known lines of Commercial, Professional, Social and Wedding Stationery also individually monogrammed personal and business Christmas Greeting Cards. Send references and apply for territory at once to Dept. B.

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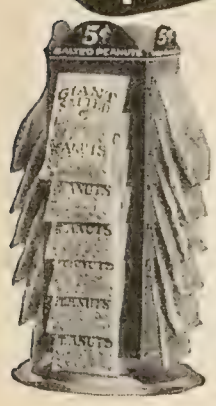

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Responsible Distributors Wanted.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

You flew at each other with frightful speed, firing. Your first bullets were bound to miss. It would be the bullets fired last, when you were flying straight at each other and nearer by 800 feet each second, which would send one plane or the other down. That meant that the man who kept his nerve for a second longer than the other would kill the fellow who faltered. These, as I knew while the squadrons dashed at each other, were the conditions of the fight; and I knew that of the six pirate planes, the three leaders had no nerves at all. They were automatons.

No; two were automatons, but the third was Pete!

I saw him in one of those three leading planes, flung headlong into the fight. His control pilot, flying behind him, aimed him at the first of the oncoming navy planes. And the first of the navy planes aimed straight for him. Head on at each other and firing, they flew; and I stared, sick at the sight.

STRAIGHT on, without faltering, the navy plane flew—some friend of mine, a classmate, the pilot! On, straight on, for another split of a second; for he would not lose nerve first. On!

They crashed! It was head on, flying each at five miles the minute. For the navy man would not first swerve, and Pete's control had sent him into the crash.

With my eyes I followed them down; and, falling and fluttering near them, wings dropped from another plane. A wingless fuselage shot into the sea. The survivors of the six whirled above me, fighting.

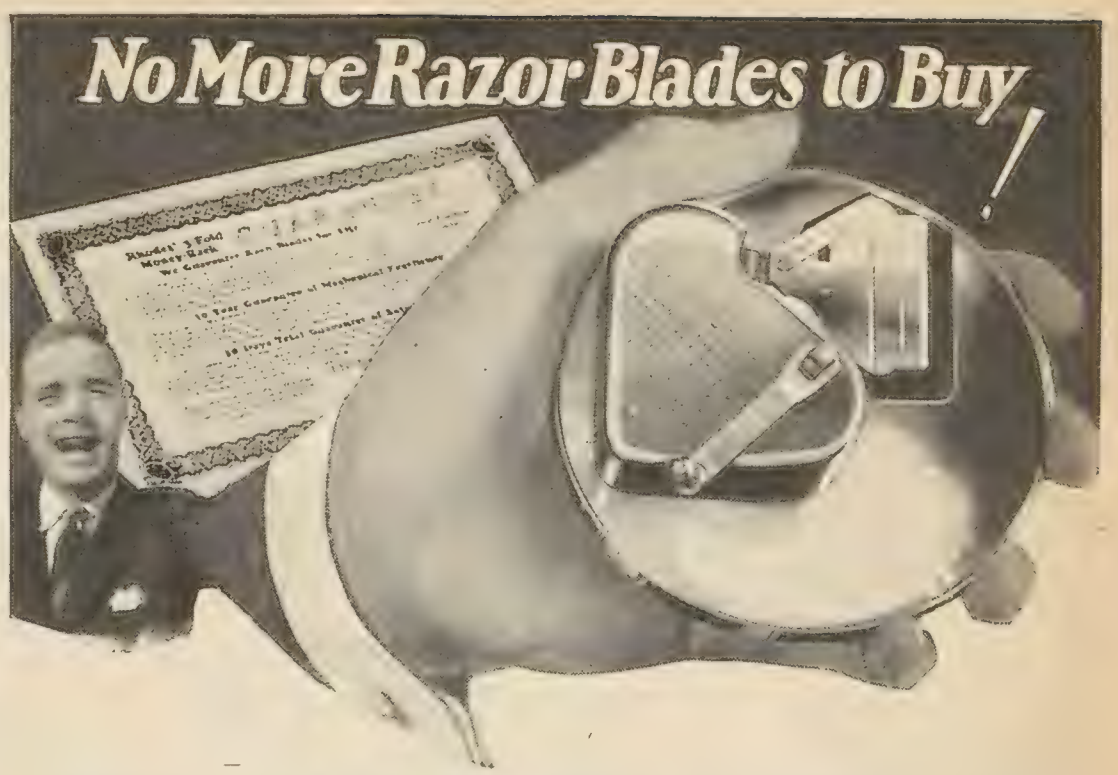
I followed the falls no longer. I was in the fight.

Two-seaters and three-seaters, armed with extra machine guns and gunners, reinforced the blue monoplanes. Bane's command had moved up and was engaged. A navy plane plunged past me, trailing smoke. Another went into a tailspin beside a falling double-seater. I joined a navy plane and he or I shot down a blue single-seater—Donley, I thought.

By the reckoning that ran in my mind, there could be but three navy planes in the air. But I saw more than three. I realized that another squadron had arrived.

Below, the bombing biplanes had left the ship; they were seeking to escape, with Bane's two-seaters and three-seaters trying to fight a way clear for them. I joined an attack against the two-seaters, and the three-seater which, I was sure, carried Bane and controlled the automatic plane that bore Helen Lacey. I got close enough to see Bane fighting a machine gun. I saw, then, the three-seater shot down.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[FLYING DEATH
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

I flew for a blue monoplane on the edge of the fight which was climbing wildly with full throttle and pointed out to sea. To the other pilots it appeared that I pursued a pirate plane which was attempting to escape; but I saw what it was—a blue monoplane without a machine gun which never had taken part in the fight. It was the radio-controlled seaplane in which Bane had brought Helen to see the show of his power. He was shot down; so it was flying wild, without control or possibility of control.

What had been his word to her on the lake? "You'll come back—if I do." So he had planned this, in his broken brain; so he had arranged to bring her back with him if he was to return; if he was shot down—this.

He had left her flying with full throttle; for with full throttle I pursued and scarcely gained. I would not have overtaken her at all except that, having no control, she did not fly straight.

She shot away in a series of zigzags that were caught and corrected only by mechanical balances and wind strains. Similarly she climbed and dropped, climbed and dropped again.

I came close to her. Clearly I could see her in her seat. She saw me and faced me, and her countenance might have been the effigy's; it had no expression at all. No fear for herself; none after what she had seen on the sea.

She gestured with her head in appeal to me not to help her; not to try to do anything for her. I was putting myself above her and she was forbidding me the madness of attempting a leap to her plane.

I did not try it. I left my seat, but before I could crawl on a wing we were separated. The business required another pilot in my plane and steady steering of hers. I dropped back into my pit and pursued and watched her. Watched—that was all I could do.

I shot ahead of her, far in front, with her falling behind me. I banked about, staring back and praying—for what already had happened.

Her engine had stalled. From failure of fuel, or whatever cause, her motor had stopped and she was slipping, without the frightful force of the air screw to speed her, down to the ocean. With her wings intact and catching at the air, she went into the sea.

III

I FOUND her under the wreck of her wings, afloat. She felt my hands working at her, and she spoke to me.

"Don't," she said. "Don't—don't take me out." Then she added: "You saw it? You saw what I saw?"

"The specks on the sea," I said.

"The specks on the sea!" And she spoke no other word during all the time I worked to free her, except once: "Father." And she gave me no help at all; she did not want to be freed. But I had her out. I took her up in my arms and bore her to my pontoon. I stood holding her, dripping and cold and small. Her head drooped limp, but she breathed, and her body was not broken.

I stood with her in my arms surrounded by quiet and calm. Silenced was the whirr of air screws, motor roars, shots, and bombs—except as they rang in my ears. She roused and shuddered, but from no shock or sound about her. Her dark lashes lifted from the chalk of her cheek and her gray eyes gazed aghast into the sky and searched it, only to see it empty. Her eyes then came to me. "He's killed?" she whispered to me.

Bane was this "he."

"He must be."

She stared at me, trying to think. "Your—friend?" she next asked.

"It's all over for him."

She jerked in my arms. "The specks in the sea," she said—and twisted.

To the west, whence we had flown, distant Vs lettered the sky: new squadrons standing sentinel over the sinking ship. The funnels of liners lay on the horizon where the Wotan was.

Small and lovely and quivering, she lay back on my arm.

A bow pointed for us and a steamer stopped, with passengers pressed shoulder to shoulder at the rail as they stared at us. I was seated upon my float holding her in my arms. Throughout an hour, though she was conscious and had not slept, she had not spoken to me.

"A ship is here," I told her, and she asked: "You must take me aboard? Can't you leave me here?"

They sent a boat for us and asked: "What happened to you?"

"Haven't you heard of the Wotan?" I said.

"Heard? Man—the Wotan's been bombed and sunk by airplanes! They bombed her boats, too! It was worse than the Titanic and the Lusitania——"

I hugged Helen to me, trying to soothe her, to stop her ears. Presently I took her aboard and gave her in charge of a physician.

The air was full of Wotan news. Two thousand passengers were missing. They had gone down with the ship or had been in the boats that were bombed—the specks on the sea. Of the twenty airplanes in the raid, eleven had been shot down. Of the nine, five had fled, pursued, and their final fate was yet to be known. Four only had escaped—one, the biplane that had dropped the first bombs and taken away two tons of treasure. Where it flew with its diamonds and rubies and platinum and gold, no one knew—nor who would be the survivors to share the loot.

I WENT below to her who lay in nurses' care. "Your father was found locked in the house," I told her.

"Father! Have they told him of the ship? He'll not want to live; he and I—we did it!"

"No! Never say that again!" I caught her in my arms to hold her still while I pleaded with her. "You did nothing at all but good. Your father was only a little part of the cause of it. Hear me! One man couldn't cause it. It's been gathering throughout all America for years. It was bound to come. No one person could cause it—or stop it. Only all the people could.

"Now perhaps they will stop crime! Now perhaps they'll really pay attention to crime.

"America always waits for the frightful day. It has to have the tremendous catastrophe before it acts—hundreds of people burned to death in a theater or thousands drowned at sea. That's the way America works—*after* the frightful holocaust.

"You've seen everybody read for months and years about the two and three people murdered in every big city every day by guns or bombs. You've seen America ignore it—and go on ignoring criminals and making more of them; and making, too, airplanes and ton bombs of TNT without any regard to what was sure to happen if they ever got together; and without regard to the fact that, sooner or later, they were bound to get together—criminals and airplanes and ton bombs of TNT.

"You didn't cause it. You couldn't. What you did was to stop it from being as bad as it might have been. You were a check on Bane; but for you, he'd have done worse. But for you, no warning would have gone to the navy airplanes. For Sally Gessler sent that to destroy Bane—and you."

Small and lovely and quivering, she lay back on my arm. "Because of you, it wasn't as bad as it might have been. But maybe it's waked up America, at last. If it has—and even more, if it hasn't—there's mighty big work before you and me."

"You and me," she said after me.

"You and me," I repeated, and felt a quieter quality of her trembling in my arms as I clung to her and she clung to me.

THE END

Another great LIBERTY serial starts in this issue: The Corbin Necklace, by Henry Kitchell Webster. You'll find mystery, love, and laughter in it—and the most human and appealing people you've met in years of fiction. It begins on page 11.

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Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

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The Bride's First Dinner *for* Him

By ETHEL SOMERS

THOUGH but a novice, the bride can prepare delightful first attempts if she will follow accurate formulas. Care in proceeding with the meal step by step, will eradicate any danger of failure.

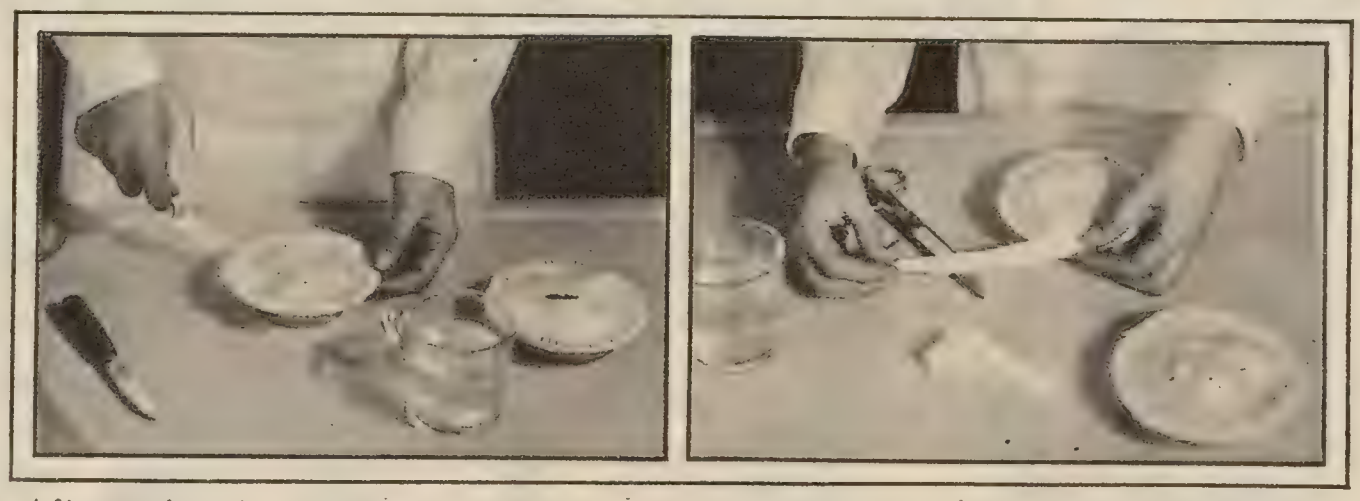
Little equipment is needed for preparing this dinner menu, but the planning must be done ahead, in detail, with as few possible last-minute dishes.

MENU

Cucumber Canape
Broiled Steak with Mushrooms — Broiled Tomatoes
Fresh Peas — Candied Sweets
Head Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing
Corn Muffins — Butter
Simplified Strawberry Pie

Preparation Schedule

AT lunch time: Prepare sweet potatoes and arrange for final cooking. Make pie and muffins. Shell peas and place with seasonings in top of double boiler. Prepare Thousand Island dressing. Wash lettuce, halve the head, and place in a wet bag on ice. Prepare meat for broiling. Wash cucumber and place on ice. Hard cook one egg.



After moistening the rim of lower crust, press upper crust tightly to it.

Keep juice in by binding edge of pie rim with a piece of moistened muslin.

Final Preparation

P. M.
4:30 Set table for dinner
4:45 Prepare canape for service
5:00 Light oven
5:01 Prepare tomatoes
5:05 Prepare mushrooms
5:20 Place Delmonico steak in oven if that type is used
5:21 Place peas to cook
5:25 Arrange pie on serving-plates
5:30 Make the salad and place on ice
5:45 Place tomatoes, sweet potatoes, club steak or tenderloin and mushrooms in oven
5:50 Dampen muffins on top and place in oven to heat
5:55 Place canape on table and pour water
6:00 Serve

Staples to Be on Hand

Salt
Pepper
Butter
Brown sugar
White sugar
Gelatine
Vanilla
1 lb. dry onions
1 doz. eggs
Salad oil
Chili sauce
Flour
Cornmeal
Baking powder
Milk

Special Order for Day

(for two persons)

2 tomatoes (⅔ lb.)
2 sweet potatoes (⅔ lb.)
½ lb. mushrooms
1 cucumber
1 lb. fresh peas
1 head lettuce
½ pint whipping cream
1 lb. chopped beefsteak

or

1 club steak, one inch thick
A little suet from meat

Cucumber Canape

1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
2 slices cucumber 1¼ inches thick
Pulp hollowed from the center of the cucumber slices
Mayonnaise
French dressing

PEEL the cucumber—which for this purpose should be a thick one—with a fluted knife if you have one, or cut fluted. Remove the center, leaving enough cucumber to form a thin shell. Soak in French dressing one hour. Shred the pulp, add the other ingredients, mix well, and refill the shell. Chill and serve garnished with green pepper and pimento.

Broiled Steak with Mushrooms

1 lb. club or sirloin steak one inch thick, or
1 lb. beefsteak chopped and mixed with one grated onion, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons chopped suet, or
⅔ lb. beef tenderloin, one inch thick

TRIM and clean the meat. If chopped steak is used, shape it into a flat cake one inch thick. Ice until ready to use. Place the meat on a greased, heated broiler rack as close to the flame as possible without having the flame touch the meat. Pour a shallow layer of water in the broiler pan. The upper over should maintain a temperature of 550° F. When the steak has seared for one minute, turn so as to sear the other side. When well browned on both sides, reduce the flame slightly and turn the steak every minute or two.

Club steak or beef tenderloin one inch thick should be broiled from eight to ten minutes.

Delmonico or chopped steak one inch thick should broil thirty to forty minutes.

The longer period will produce a well done product, while the shorter time produces the rare type. Salt the broiled meat and spread with butter, arrange on a hot platter, and garnish with the mushrooms and vegetables.

Broiled Mushrooms

½ lb. selected mushrooms — 2 tablespoons butter

PEEL the mushrooms, pulling the peel off from the under edge toward the crown. Remove the stems and place in a buttered baking-dish gill side up. Place a bit of the butter in each cap or hollow, cover the pan, place in the upper oven to broil for ten or fifteen minutes.

Broiled Tomatoes

2 tomatoes — ⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon butter — Few grains pepper

WASH the tomatoes, cut in half crosswise, but do not peel. Place them, cut surface up, in the upper oven while the meat is broiling for about fifteen minutes or until the tomatoes are soft but not broken. Dot each piece with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve piping hot.

Fresh June Peas

1 lb. peas in pods — 1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon butter — ¼ teaspoon salt

WASH the pods thoroughly so that the peas when shelled will be perfectly clean without washing. Drain and shell the peas. Place them in the top part of the double boiler and add seasonings. Fill the lower part one-third full of hot water and cook the peas over the water, closely covered until tender (from fifteen to thirty minutes, depending upon the freshness of the peas). Serve hot at once or reheat. The peas may be served in mounds on the meat platter or placed in timbale shells.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

2 medium-sized sweet potatoes
3 tablespoons brown sugar
2 teaspoons water
1 teaspoon butter

COOK the sweet potatoes in their jackets after washing until they are half done (from ten to fifteen minutes, depending upon their size). Peel and slice into one-half-inch slices in a large-bottomed casserole or pan. Brush the pieces of potato with a syrup made by cooking the other ingredients together. Bake in the oven until browned—about fifteen minutes. *Head Lettuce with Thousand Island dressing.* See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, pages 33 and 34. *Corn Muffins.* See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 9, and prepare one-fourth the recipe.

Simplified Strawberry Pie—Filling

1 pint strawberries — 1 tablespoon flour
½ cup sugar — 1 tablespoon butter

Crust, Hot-Water Type

(For two individual pies)

¾ cup flour — 2 tablespoons boiling water
⅛ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt — ¼ cup shortening

POUR the boiling water over the fat. Beat with a fork until it forms a creamy liquid. Gradually add the sifted dry ingredients. Mix lightly and chill. Roll out one-fourth of the dough at a time as nearly to fit the pie pan as possible. Pressing from the center out, firmly mold the lower crust to the pan. Sprinkle with one-fourth of the sugar and flour of the filling mixed together, add one-half the washed, picked-over berries, and top with a second fourth of the sugar mixture. Dot with butter. Moisten the rim of the lower crust well with cold water, place the top crust—which has been pricked with holes—on top. Firmly fasten edges together. Bind the edge with a damp piece of muslin and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) until crust is brown, and the fruit tender when pricked with a fork (from twenty to thirty minutes). Remove muslin binding as soon as pie is taken from the oven.

A Menu Book *of* Hot-Weather Recipes 10c.

More Important than Summer Clothing Is SUMMER COOKING

Correct food is vital to hot-weather comfort, both for the family and for the housewife.

LIBERTY'S "Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes" suggests *what* to cook as well as how to cook it.

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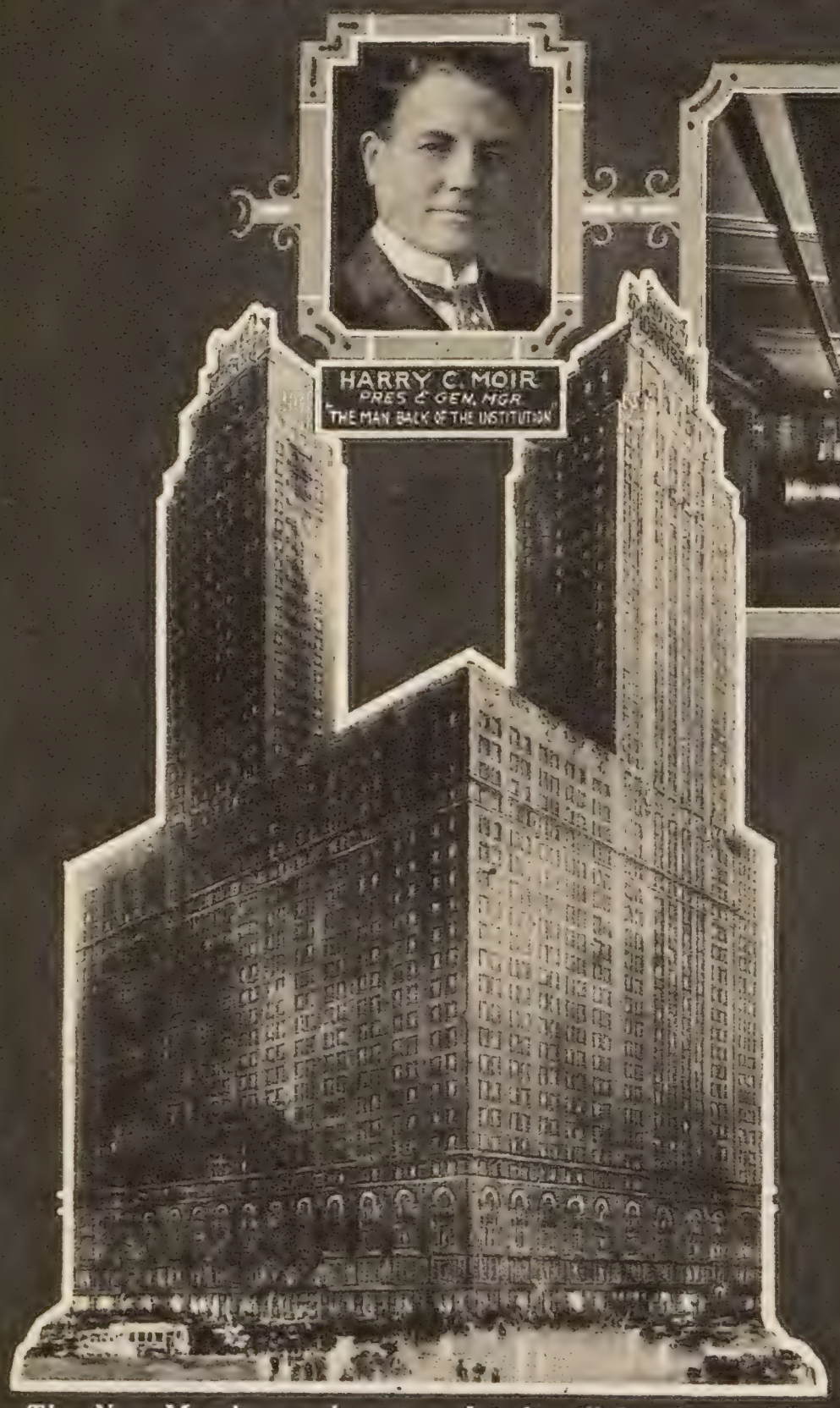
Chicago's Leading Convention Hotel

THE MORRISON

A Main Factor in America's Business Life



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

A View of the Cameo Room, Morrison Hotel

CHICAGO—the largest summer resort on earth—meets a heavy demand for hotel reservations during the convention season. An extreme load is borne by the Morrison, where the location and the service have an especial appeal to convention secretaries.

Tallest—and Most Economical—of the World's Hotels

The wonderfully moderate rates are due to the central location of the 46-story building—closer than any other hotel to stores, theatres, offices and railroads. Here the subleases yield a revenue that pays *all* the ground rent, and the *total saving is transferred to the guests*. Rooms are rented for $3 to $5 that would cost $5 to $8 in any other leading hotel.

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Committee and reception rooms are admirably arranged for trade meetings, and the well-lighted sample rooms are exceptionally large. The famous Cameo Room seats 2,000, without a single pillar to obstruct the view. Public gatherings also find the broadcasting service a great advantage—Station WSWS.

1944 Outside Rooms, Each with Bath

Every room has bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp and Servidor. Guests in the tower breathe the pure air of a mountain chalet. A housekeeper is stationed on every floor, and every patron has the use of the hotel's garage.

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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS

"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

Three Evening Dresses and a Linen Coat

By Mary Brush Williams

WHAT do you think of when someone out of a clear sky, and without explanatory or descriptive matter, says "Garden Party"? I think of the Duke of Westminster. Of his tall, rather boyish figure moving unconcernedly among his guests. Of a park with deer in the distance and an old mansion in the foreground. And I think of the appearance of the women scattered about those tree-shaded grounds. They were tall and sinuous, in slinky, sleazy, long-lined wilted garden dresses that were beribboned and beflowered, and further enhanced with dragging scarfs, the whole effect being topped with wide-brimmed, drooping, flower-trimmed hats. That is the image the words "garden party" invoke in me.

That was considerably less than ten years ago, but permit me to introduce you to the type of garden-party get-up that embodies all we stand for today. It is of linen, and it is hard and snappy and tailored and straight. It is restrained enough and self-contained enough to wear in the motor to town in the summer, if we care to do so and thereby make all in the city jealous because it brings in a message of the country to them.

It is gay enough and rich enough and bright enough to keep on at the country club, or at whatever is the American of garden party, which we are not as long on, I believe, as other members of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is printed in bright flowers, and some of the sprays, consisting of twig, leaf, and rose, are embroidered in their own colors, to make them stand out.

A very charming piece of wearing apparel this, severe enough to keep on all day, rich enough to wear all evening, and very modern indeed. On the left shoulder it carries a rosette with streamers of grosgrain ribbon, which is a novel modification of the shoulder flower. Thus once again we call attention to a style that is more than detailed and alters to keep in accord with whole world movements that in the course of civilization are changing.

A Russian woman made this novel interpretation of a garment for our day and she gave it the name of Garden Party. She began in a small way in Paris by making pajamas, and now is doing such artistic work that even the French sanction her. The sun itself seemed to sponsor her opening, and shone for her brightly on one of its rare appearances. For mostly in Paris it rains.

If you wished you could wear the coat over any of the accompanying dresses—all of which, by the way, show the specific models in which Paris has indulged its rage for printed materials. One of the very smart ideas—haven't we mentioned it before?—is to have the bodice printed and the skirt plain. And yet the French can never be content to do anything quite as simple as that. How could they possibly leave a skirt plain? Before you know it they will be sticking little dabs of ornamentation over its smooth surface.

Take, for instance, the second model (which would be so good to wear to the country-club dance under the linen coat): The skirt isn't so very plain by the time its designer, Louiseboulanger, gets through with it. She cuts a sort of a three-leaf-clover effect out of the flowered material of the bodice and spreads it over the front of the skirt, anchoring it there by applique work.

The Callot sisters, if I am not wrong, were just about the first to use the printed bodice and the plain skirt. They too, however, cannot keep their hands off clean-cut boundaries such as that describes. The young lady here wearing the first of their models looks a little like a circus rider, does she not? One side of her printed surplice is covered with the gray tulle, which in two layers makes the plain bouffant skirt. I guess that ought to be theatrical enough to satisfy the taste of the most daring. The fourth offering shows the Callot interpretation of the detachable cape scarf. Lanvin makes one that is frankly a cape. We showed it a few weeks ago. Other houses use scarfs lavishly. This costume carries a square of plain material that contrasts with the printed silk of the dress and ties in a low bow in front.

PRINTED crepe de Chine, in which light blue is the prevailing color, with black and rose and green, was the inspiration for the dress illustrated at the right. It is accompanied by a square of light blue crepe de Chine, which simulates both scarf and cape. Sometimes the manikin at the showing carried this scarf in her hand. Callot Sisters.

THE design on the printed linen of the coat at left carries a flower, a leaf, and a branch in pastel shades of these designs. Some of them are heavily embroidered over. A rosette in pastel tints is worn on one shoulder. The coat is called Garden Party. Mary Nowitzsky.

AT left: A dance dress with a printed chiffon bodice and a skirt of cafe au lait chiffon, on which a three-leaf-clover design of the printed material has been appliqued. Louiseboulanger.

AT right: A printed silk surplice bodice in pastel shades, with a gray tulle drapery over one side. The same gray tulle in two bouffant ruffles forms the skirt over a slip of the printed silk. Callot Sisters.

FOR
ANY PATTERN
ON THIS PAGE
SEND
TEN CENTS

It's Easy *to* Plan *for* Vacation Days

By PATRICIA

TWO or three straight pieces of material, a few seams to be stitched, and you have a charming summer dress in an afternoon.

Practical and saucy is design No. 2657, made of dimity in a pretty floral pattern and trimmed with grosgrain ribbon. This pattern may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Cotton fabrics, rayon, English prints, and crepe de Chine are also appropriate. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material, with 3¼ yards of ribbon.

A frock of almond-green sheer crepe in tailored interpretation is expressed in design No. 2529. It features a circular skirt. For golf or tennis choose pale pink flannel or striped linen. For afternoon and sports, printed silk crepe, printed georgette crepe, or crepe de Chine. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 20-inch contrasting.

Designed along slender lines, the frock of flat crepe silk in a soft shade of gray, design No. 2716, adds interest by its smart trimming effect of crepe silk in polka-dot pattern. Navy blue alpaca with figured silk is smart for the street. For afternoon, antique red crepe Roma, printed georgette crepe or figured crepe silk, peach-colored flat silk crepe, and violet-colored crepe de Chine are fashionable. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, with 1¼ yards of 32-inch contrasting.

A charming frock of black taffeta is shown in design No. 2710. The silhouette is straight in back; the front in two sections. This attractive design may also be made of marquisette, chiffon voile, crepe Elizabeth, shantung, rajah, crepe de Chine, or georgette crepe. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material.

The jaunty frock of printed crepe silk, design No. 2719, with front flare and flattering V neckline, is becoming to all types. The waistline describes a new upward trend. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16 and 18 years, and 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting.

For a junior design No. 2644 is smart developed in plaid linen with plain linen for the applied front band, cuffs, and little boyish collar. Taffeta, pongee, shantung, printed linen, challis, printed sateen, cotton rep, or tub silk are also suitable. The pattern may be had in sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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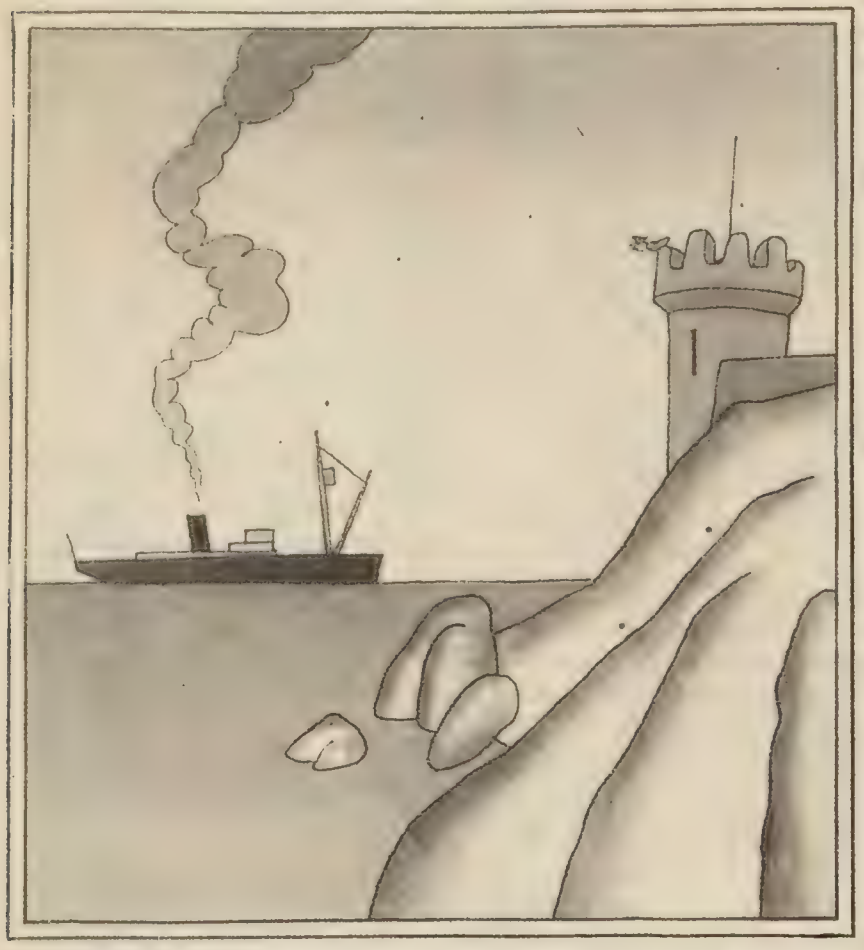
NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



REPORTED SHIPMENT OF AMMUNITION TO IRELAND turns out to be cargo of building bricks when wireless operator's error is corrected.

OLD BILL FUSISTREK, proprietor of the 500-acre bear farm near Hollywood which has furnished the bulk of the bear's grease used on movie actors' hair during the past twelve years.

LONDON ABANDONS GROPE SYSTEM as vision clears when general strike causes smoke fog to lift for first time since the reign of George II; and George Bernard Shaw discovers that most of the bearded statues in the public parks are only Shakespeare.

REPRESENTATIVE BERGER receives thousands of indignant letters of protest from citizens of Georgia, who feel that his Anti-Lynching Bill restricts personal liberty and is harmful to a great outdoor sport.

Liberty's Patriotic Game of States

$25,000 in Prizes

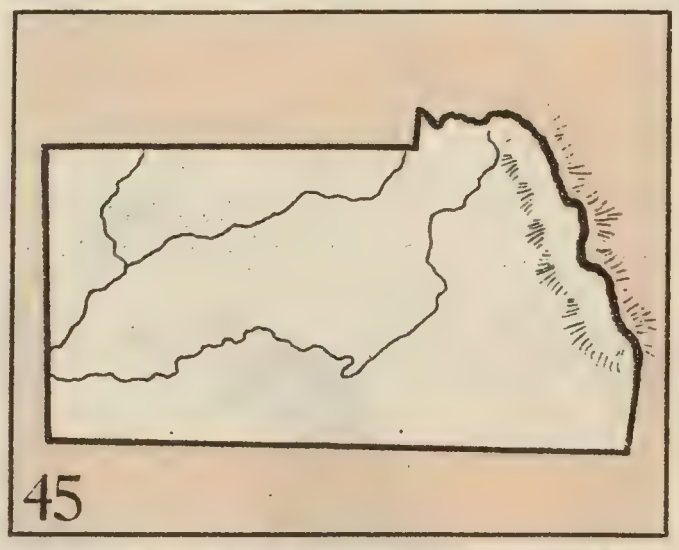
Final Instructions *for all* Contestants

HERE is the final set of maps in Liberty's great educational contest. Examine the outline maps on this page carefully, and fill in the names of the States and their capitals, just as you have done with the previous eleven sets. When you have completed Set No. 12, send us the 48 maps, according to the directions in rules 5 and 6, given below.

Remember that no preference will be shown those submitting sets treated in an elaborate way. (See Rule 4.)

Be sure to read all the rules attentively. In selecting your favorite state, be sure to tell WHY you like it best. Your letter should not be more than one hundred words long.

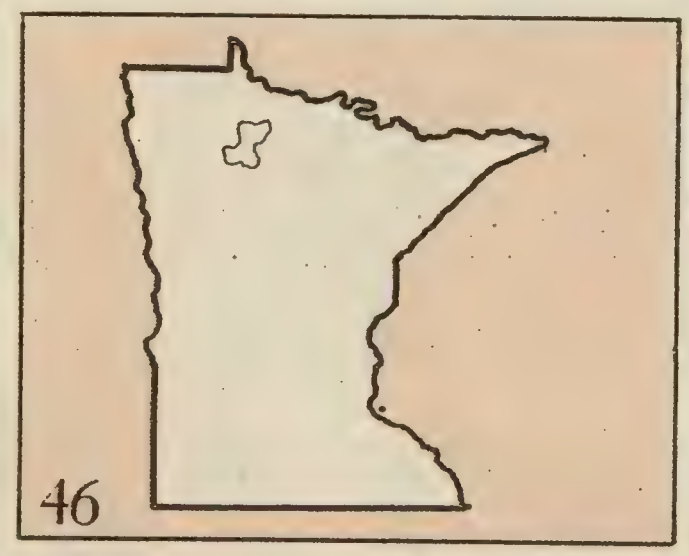
We hope you have enjoyed this educational game, and that it has taught you interesting facts of geography, industry, and history.



During the World War this State contributed to the army a larger percentage of its population than any other. A great National Park lies on its northern border. It ranks first in the output of semi-precious stones.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

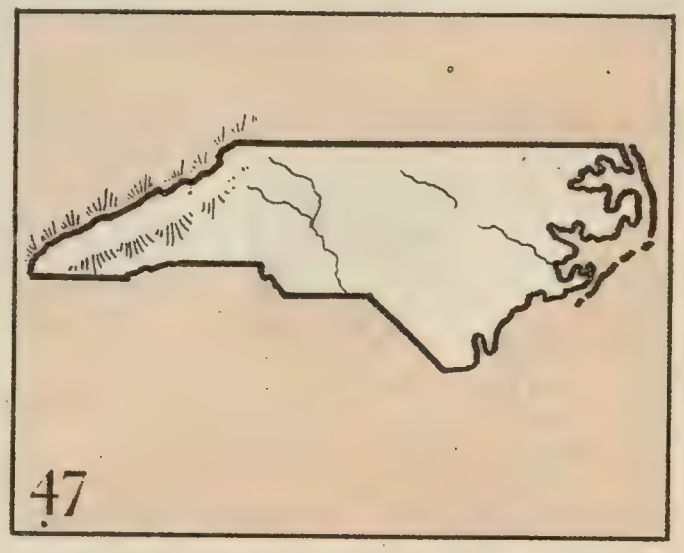
Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 12



Indians killed thousands of whites in this State before they were finally quelled in 1898. The greatest river in the Union rises in one of the ten thousand lakes within its borders. It has famous iron mines.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

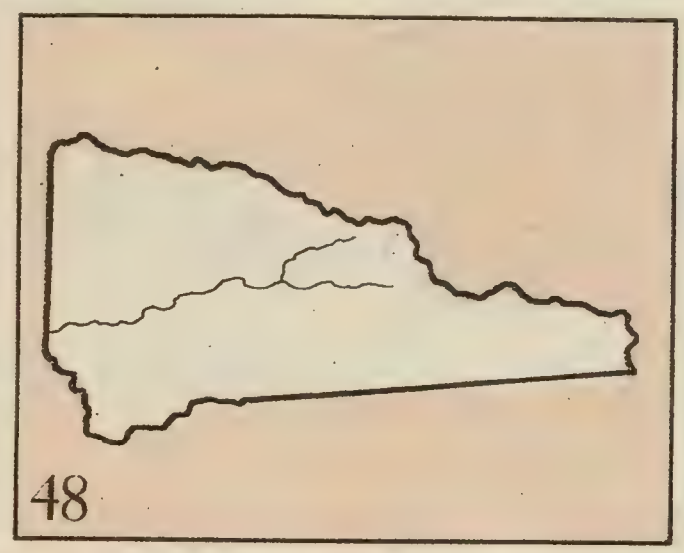
Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 12



Virginia Dare, the first child of English parents born in America, was a native of this State. Its easternmost points are feared by mariners. Second in tobacco and in cotton goods, it is more than 99 per cent native American.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 12



John Mason, through a grant from King James I, became the founder of this State. Daniel Webster was one of its native sons. Its highest mountain is named for America's most famous general. Hay is its chief crop.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 12

To Teachers

ONE of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American Geography and History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools. So when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

RULES

1 Every week for 12 consecutive weeks Liberty has printed four outline Maps of four different States of the United States, a total of 48 Maps—one for each of the 48 States.

2 The public is invited to cut out these Maps, fill in the name of the State each represents and the name of the Capital. Liberty will pay $25,000 to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of the 48 State Maps in accordance with these rules.

3 This offer is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4 You pay nothing. Just prove your skill. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No preference will be given on account of elaborate treatment.

5 Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all Maps until you have the complete set of 48. Then send them to "States," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Maps must be in by midnight 21 days after the last Map has been published. No entries will be returned.

6 Each entry must be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. At the end of the contest we want you to tell us your favorite State, the one you want for your home. Contestants may send in as many sets of Maps as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

8 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

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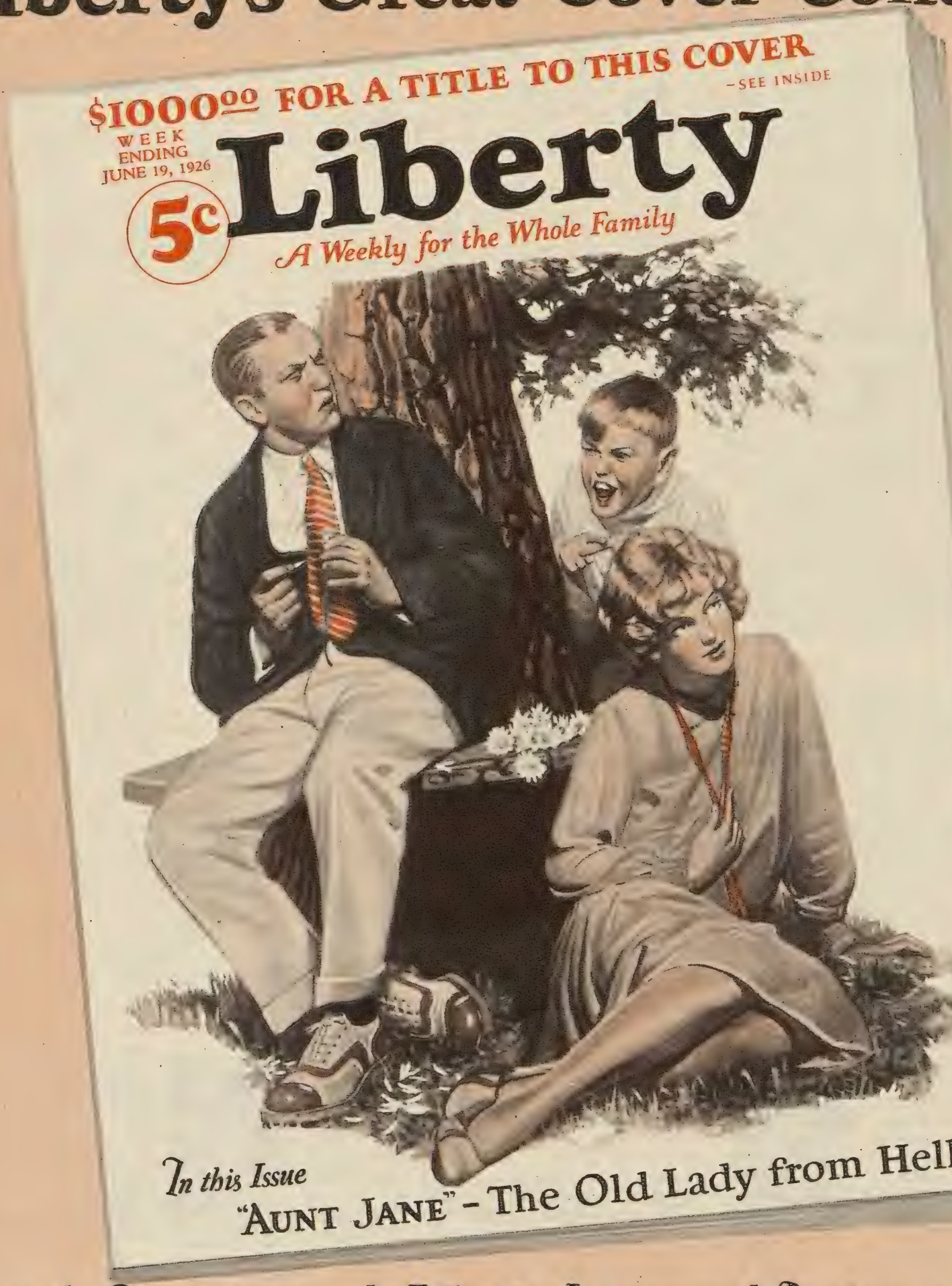

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Among Others—a Movie-ized Operetta

Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

THE RUNAWAY

Directed by William de Mille — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Cynthia Meade ..... *Clara Bow*
Wade Murrell ..... *Warner Baxter*
Jack Harrison ..... *William Powell*
Lesher Skidmore ..... *George Bancroft*
Wade's Mother ..... *Edythe Chapman*

IT'S a good thing the movies are seen and not heard, or you'd be scared to death all through this picture of bloody Kentucky mountain feuds. For there's a gun about to go off or going off every so often, and it would keep you busy putting your hands up to your ears (in case you are inclined that way when there's shooting).

However, the movies being as small children are supposed to be, s. and not h., you can sit at peace and watch without a tremor the adventures of a Broadway butterfly in the mountains of Virginia and the hills of Kentucky respectively.

Clara Bow

It's a picture full of stuff that you must swallow without asking too deeply into the plausibility of the story. But, if you will accept the extreme story-book spirit in which it is clothed, you will find it easy to look at, dramatically thrilling, and on the whole first-class entertainment.

And this is what it is all about: Cynthia (Clara Bow) is the aforementioned Broadway butterfly, who is in the also aforementioned mountains of Virginia, acting in a movie. Jack Harrison (William Powell) is interested in her, but not in a matrimonial way. During a session in which she threatens to shoot him if he doesn't behave, Jack is accidentally shot by a man who is cleaning a gun in the room across the way. Cynthia flees to the hills, fearing to be blamed.

A Kentucky mountaineer, Wade Murrell (Warner Baxter), finds her, and when he is persuaded, in spite of the signs of a " painted lady," that she is decent, he agrees to take her home to " ma." Ma gives one searching look into the eyes of the young lady, decides she's a good girl, and stops smoking her corncob pipe long enough to take her into her arms.

All would have been well had not Lesher Skidmore (George Bancroft), blood enemy of the Murrells, spread untruth concerning the girl he had seen coming home with Wade when she still had on considerable paint and very few clothes.

Warner Baxter

The Murrell clan came in a body one evening to Wade's log cabin, and told him that if Cynthy didn't leave he would no longer be their leader. Well, that little misunderstanding is cleared up without any shooting, although it looked like plenty of it. But then who should come along but Mr. Harrison, who had been only half killed!

I won't tell you more of the story, except that Cynthy has to choose between a log cabin and Broadway. I think you'll like this picture.

MADEMOISELLE MODISTE

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard — A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Fifi ..... *Corinne Griffith*
Etienne ..... *Norman Kerry*
Hiram Bent ..... *Willard Louis*
Marianne ..... *Dorothy Cumming*
Mme. Claire ..... *Rose Dione*

AND he kissed her again, and again, and yet again, and the final fadeout found him kissing her still again, the while the orchestra played Kiss Me Again. For was this not Mademoiselle Modiste, by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, translated to the screen? And since kissing again was the hit of the operetta, was it not quite fitting and proper that Count Etienne et cetera (Norman Kerry) should kiss Fifi (Corinne Griffith) whenever the action got a bit run down?

Corinne Griffith

There's not much of a story to Mademoiselle Modiste. That's because it's an operetta. But the mileage is filled up with comedy bits and charming love scenes. Willard Louis as Hiram Bent, a vulgarly rich gentleman from St. Louis, U. S. A., who buys a gown establishment for Fifi, a salesgirl, furnishes the comic spirit.

Norman Kerry (Etienne) provides the male beauty. He is the Count who woos the pretty maid who is, he thinks, a lady. The Count follows Fifi to the grand opening banquet of Mademoiselle Modiste, and there is horrified to see her auction off her clothing for the benefit of the French orphans and finally put up for sale the screen behind which she disrobes. We who know about the beneficial influence over the movies exerted by Mr. Will Hays realize that Fifi will be fully clad when the screen actually is removed. But unfortunately, girls, the Count leaves before this happens, so that the misunderstanding can be dragged to Deauville.

After all, it is the genuine Paris models exhibited by Corinne that make Mademoiselle Modiste worth a visit from the girls.

THE PHANTOM BULLET

Directed by Clifford Smith — A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Tom Farlane ..... *Hoot Gibson*
Jane Terrill ..... *Eileen Percy*
Don Barton ..... *Allan Forrest*
Bill Haynes ..... *Pat Harmon*
Zack Peters ..... *Nelson McDowell*

NOPE, there's nothing like a good old Western mellerdrammer to take the cinema cobwebs out of your brain. The Phantom Bullet will do the trick for you. It is as Western and as meller as they come, and it gives us back our own Hoot Gibson. Not that he has been away, but ever since I saw him in the Flaming Frontier I have longed to see him back against the background of cowboys, ranches, horses, and bad men, which fits him better than an epic of American history.

Eileen Percy

Hoot wasn't made for a West Point uniform, and he wasn't made an actor. But he can ride a horse as well as anyone (gosh, how that boy does ride!), and, what's more, he has a charming and extremely likable personality which, if not hampered with too much acting to do, will radiate throughout a picture and speak for itself so loudly that no one can ask for more.

But (kindly interpret this *but* as emphatic and with a slight pause) Hoot must have a horse, and he must have a Western story that concerns a Triple X or a Double Q or a Lazy W ranch, and there must be a wicked double-crossing foreman, and rustlers, and a disreputable saloon or so where he-men down strong drinks, and where a hand-to-hand fight will come off. In fact, there must be a certain amount of formula in a Hoot Gibson picture, with just enough originality to carry the story through, but not too much to surprise the audience into a state of wonder.

This picture has just the right proportion. It even goes so far as to give Hoot some acting to do. But he does it very nicely, and you won't mind when he wears plaid golf stockings and a plaid knicker suit instead of a checked cowboy shirt and a sombrero, because you know he's not being himself, but just trying to make everyone think he's a gentle little city lad who doesn't know which end of a horse is the front end.

Hoot Gibson

He does this, you see, in order to do a little Sherlock Holmes work and find out the dastardly villain who shot his father. This is always a good situation. The audience always likes to be on the inside of something like this, so it can say to the rest of the cast who don't know, " See, he's a regular guy, after all."

Eileen Percy has popped up again, and adds her beauty to this entertaining Western drama. Allan Forrest is the villain who is outdone in the end by a camera. How? Well, go see for yourself. It's worth it.

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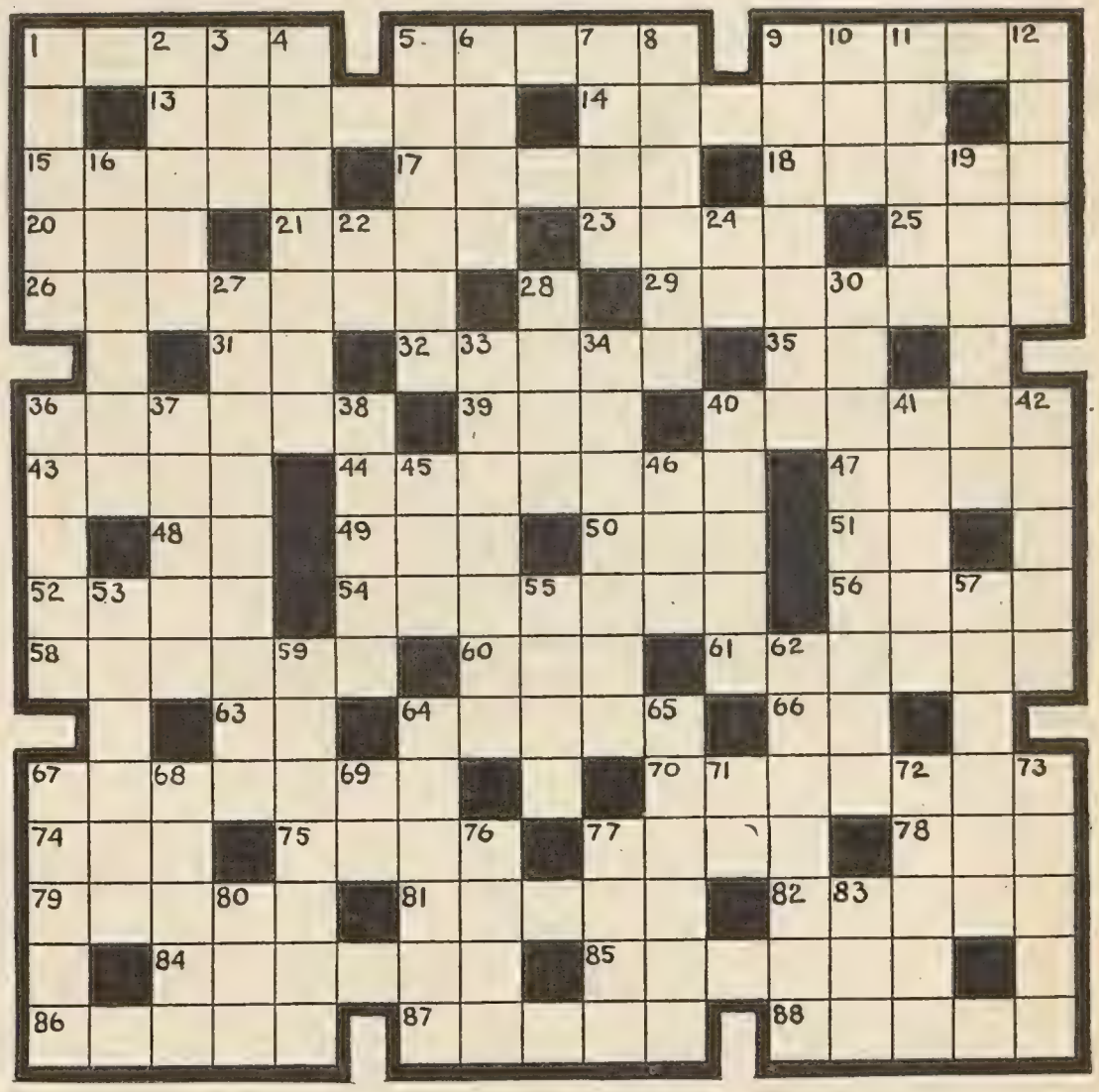
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 71

By JAMES W. WHITE

GUESS Horizontal 63 without rushing to the dictionary and the rest of the puzzle ought to be comparatively simple for you. "The symbol for tantalum" was calmly selected from his own dictionary by the author, as have many other words in the puzzle.

Speaking of words, you might send us a word as to your ideas on these puzzles. Taking them as they come, do you find them too hard or too easy? Do you like an occasional foreign or almost unheard-of word sandwiched in to make you search beyond your old standby, the dictionary? A tip now and then always helps. Let's have it.

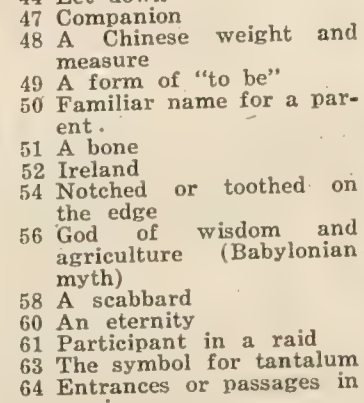


HORIZONTAL

1 To let stay or continue
5 Beef fat (plural)
9 That which fascinates
13 Washes lightly
14 A young eagle
15 Having an agreeable taste or flavor
17 Mercenary
18 Ascended
20 A measure of weight
21 Particular day in the ancient Roman month
23 Suffered disadvantage or defeat
25 A hard-shelled dry fruit
26 To talk superficially
29 A parent (plural)
31 The Spanish word for "the"
32 Part of a barrel
35 Abbreviation for every one of a number
36 Swordlike weapons
39 A form of poem
40 To detain
43 Separate particular of an account
44 Let down
47 Companion
48 A Chinese weight and measure
49 A form of "to be"
50 Familiar name for a parent.
51 A bone
52 Ireland
54 Notched or toothed on the edge
56 God of wisdom and agriculture (Babylonian myth)
58 A scabbard
60 An eternity
61 Participant in a raid
63 The symbol for tantalum
64 Entrances or passages in a mine
66 The Palmetto State (initials)
67 A monarch
70 Beverage made of ale and flavored with spices, etc.
74 Symbol denoting certain measures of weight
75 To snarl
77 A woman of station or importance
78 A feminine proper name
79 The fiber of a Mexican plant, used for string
81 To becloud
82 To replace
84 Portion of a palm stem
85 Pertaining to the Roman goddess of hearth and fire
86 Stretches from one limit to another
87 A horse
88 To scoff

VERTICAL

1 Rosters
2 Any sphere of action
3 To contest
4 To name
5 Disjoins
6 Methods of employment
7 A species of duck
8 The daughter of Herodias
9 A rattling noise
10 A pronoun
11 To make amends
12 Confronts
16 A bearlike burrowing animal of Australia
19 Most confident
22 A prefix having the general sense of down
24 Thus
27 Bring to a conclusion
28 To walk in a substance yielding to the feet
30 Partial tones sounded by a simple vibration
33 Overtopped other objects
34 Green
36 Faces of an object
37 Give the lie to
38 To cut with sweeping strokes
40 A serpent
41 Relieved of strain
42 A type of voice
45 Native metal
46 Corrode
53 Rhomboids
55 To irritate
57 Happen
59 Marks to shoot at
62 Declares
64 Oriental springless carts
65 Shaped with a metal-worker's tool
67 A masculine proper name (Heb.)
68 A skin disease
69 A preposition
71 Exist
72 A passageway
73 At a time to come
76 An opening made by tearing
77 A pigeon
80 A color shade
83 To bear young, as a goat



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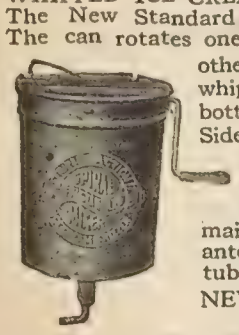

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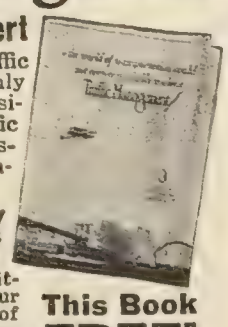

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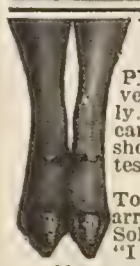

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Rice, Veils, *and* Wedding Rings

The Strange, Romantic Story of Our Marriage Customs

An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

IN those good old days when marriages were marriages and the contracting couples interpreted the vows to mean they were in for life, it was the common practice to inscribe in wedding rings expressions of unyielding constancy, such as:

"I will be yours while breath endures," and "Not two, but one, till life be gone."

Posies, they called these affectionate mottoes. One famous old encyclopedia that was handed down from generation to generation in marrying families bore the title: Love's Garland; or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Such Pretty Tokens as Lovers Send Their Loves.

It would not be without a considerable strain on the imagination to picture a modern engaged couple spending an evening poring over a book of "posies" for the nuptial ring.

Your old-time sentimentalists would have us believe that these tender inscriptions had talismanic quality. Your modern bride and groom believe the initials of the contracting pair sufficient unto the day and the promises thereof.

"The easier to erase," says the cynic.

"Quite as binding," says the philosopher.

In any event, the initials, with rare exceptions, are all the present-day jeweler is asked to inscribe within the golden circlet. And more often than not it is platinum rather than gold upon which the initials are traced.

In those old days when marriage was thought to be Heaven sent, or, at any rate, Heaven bent, a becoming religious strain predominated in many of the ring inscriptions, as: "I have obtained whom God ordained"; "God unites our hearts aright"; "Knit in one by Christ alone"; "We join our love in God above"; "All for Jesus"; "Each for the other, but both for God"; "If God be with us, who can be against us?"

Not all the legends bore a pious strain. Some have quite a worldly note. One glittering optimist ordered the jeweler to carve on the ring: "He that taketh a wife hath a good thing." And another found the simple motto, "Carrie suits." One lover proclaimed that his love would rise superior to all offenses in "No bitter smart can change my heart." An inscription on the ring worn by a lady of the nineteenth century about to take a fourth spouse reads: "If I survive I will have five."

Couplets were often the form the posies took, among which we have these shining examples:

We strangely met, and so do many,
But now as true as ever any.

This circle, though but small about,
The devil, Jealousy, will keep out.

If I think my wife is fair,
What need other people care?

I did commit no act of folly
When I married my sweet Molly.

Love him who gave thee this ring of gold;
'Tis he must kiss thee when thou art old.

'Tis fit no man should be alone;
Which made Tom to marry Joan.

Thou wert not handsome, wise, but rich;
'Twas that which did my eyes bewitch.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

For the most part, a single line sufficed and the posy was chosen in a serious and trusting state of mind, as: "My beloved is mine and I am hers"; "A heart content can ne'er repent"; "Take hand and heart, I'll ne'er depart"; "In thee I find content of mind."

Freed of old-fashioned sentiment about her wedding ring, the radiant young vision who today treads the aisle to the tune of the wedding march, is still the victim of certain marriage rites so old that the idea originally underlying them has been forgotten.

Her wedding veil, for instance, is a relic of the canopy that used to be held over the bride to seclude her from profane gaze. The ancient Romans attached great importance to the custom of veiling the bride. Its primary object was to protect her against the evil eye, a superstition current among many tribes and nations.

WITH some peoples the veiling was required because the bride's own glance was considered to be dangerous. Misfortune would surely befall any person or animal the bride looked at before she had seen her husband on her arrival at his house.

From the early Romans is handed down the custom, not infrequently observed by an American bride of today, of being married in a previously worn marriage veil. Great luck is supposed to attend the practice, especially if the former wearer had been happy in the married state.

There is scarcely a country under the sun but has from time immemorial practiced the rite of throwing grain, rice, or dried fruit after the bridal pair. The object of the rite was to promote fertility, prosperity, and abundance. Chiefly the idea was to promote fecundity, the ancients believing there was a sympathetic connection between mankind and seed-bearing grasses, and an obvious comparison between the fruit of the body and grain.

The throwing of the bridal bouquet is the survival of a superstition practiced for ages, based on the theory that there was good luck in contact with something worn by the bride.

In countries where the bride wore a coronet, the marriage custom was that of dancing the coronet off her head. With her eyes bandaged, while the maidens present danced around her, the bride took the crown from her head and placed it haphazardly on that of one of the damsels. She upon whom the honor was thus bestowed was believed to be the first who would obtain a husband.

The sentiment surrounding the orange blossom is so old its origin is lost. But it is known that the ancient mandarins of China, the swarthy denizens of Egypt, the fiery Saracens, and the romantic French chose it to deck their brides. It was regarded as the symbol of a fruitful, prosperous marriage, because the orange bears fruit and blossoms at the same time and is intensely productive.

Tying an old shoe to the carriage of the newly married pair originated in an ancient rite in connection with the transfer of property, woman having been regarded as such among the nations where the custom is first found.

It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews understood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. The idea of luck is the principal thought associated with it in these later times, especially luck in making journeys.

Fair model of a betrothal kiss of today, as it is done in the movies.

The most social object of marriage rites from earliest history was to give publicity to the union. This was recognized as the element which distinguished a recognized marriage from an illicit union.

Thus grew the practice of having witnesses to attest the conclusion of the contract.

The wedding feast was recommended as a method of further publicity, the guests being, in a way, regarded as witnesses. At the same time, the feast would serve to bring the families of the bride and bridegroom together, so that their relations might be more friendly.

Bestowal of the ring may be traced back to the custom of joining hands, which in early times was the outward sign of a troth two persons had given each other. "Hand taking" was a common name for "wedding" in Sanskrit. The bridegroom with his right hand took the right hand of the bride and recited the verse: "I take thy hand for the sake of happiness, that thou mayest live to old age with me, thy husband."

The custom of placing the wedding ring upon the third finger of the left hand owes its origin to a Roman fancy that there is a vein intimately connecting this particular finger with the heart. It has been conjectured, however, that the Roman fancy was not the real source of the custom, but that in the church service it was usual for the Christian priest to touch three fingers successively with the ring while saying: "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and then to place it upon the last finger touched.

In the light of modern wifely subjection and obedience, the placing of the ring on the left hand is not without humor. The left hand was chosen because it is the hand of submission, the right the hand of authority. Where the old custom of exchanging rings existed, the bride's ring was of silver to show that she is the less honorable vessel; the groom's of gold to signify the superiority of man.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the great lexicographer, defines a ring as "a circular instrument placed upon the noses of hogs and the fingers of women to restain them and bring them into subjection."

Extreme advocates of women's independence would like to abolish the antiquated "badge of slavery," but the idea that the ring is a symbol of faith is too deeply rooted in the popular mind to place it in jeopardy.

The gold ring first came into use in the ceremony of betrothal about the second century, since which time it has run an almost uninterrupted course of popularity. Tradition says that the ring symbolizing marriage should be without jewels and perfectly smooth and round.

Gold was called by the ancients the metal of the sun, and silver the metal of the moon. With the advent of platinum it behooved enterprising jewelers to christen it "the metal of Heaven."

Many of those who were married before platinum became popular, wishing, no doubt, to add a little bit of Heaven to what they've already earned, have recourse to the device by which a plate of platinum is spun over the gold.

At the present time many platinum rings are made perfectly plain, others are engraved with a laurel wreath—an anti-divorce symbol by the way—with oak leaves for strength and ivy for clinging devotion.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly. How to clear your complexion of blemishes. How to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your query or queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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